

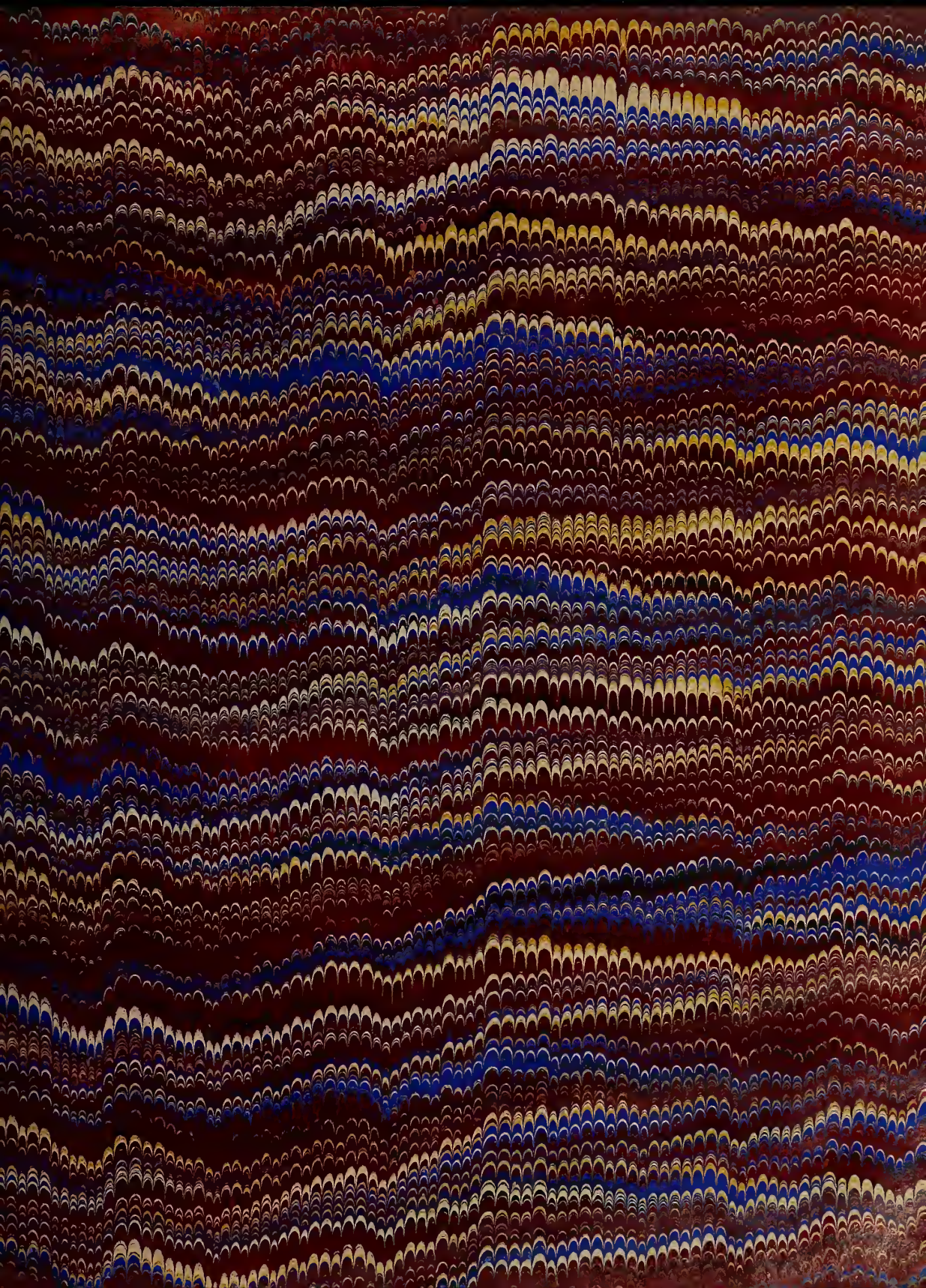
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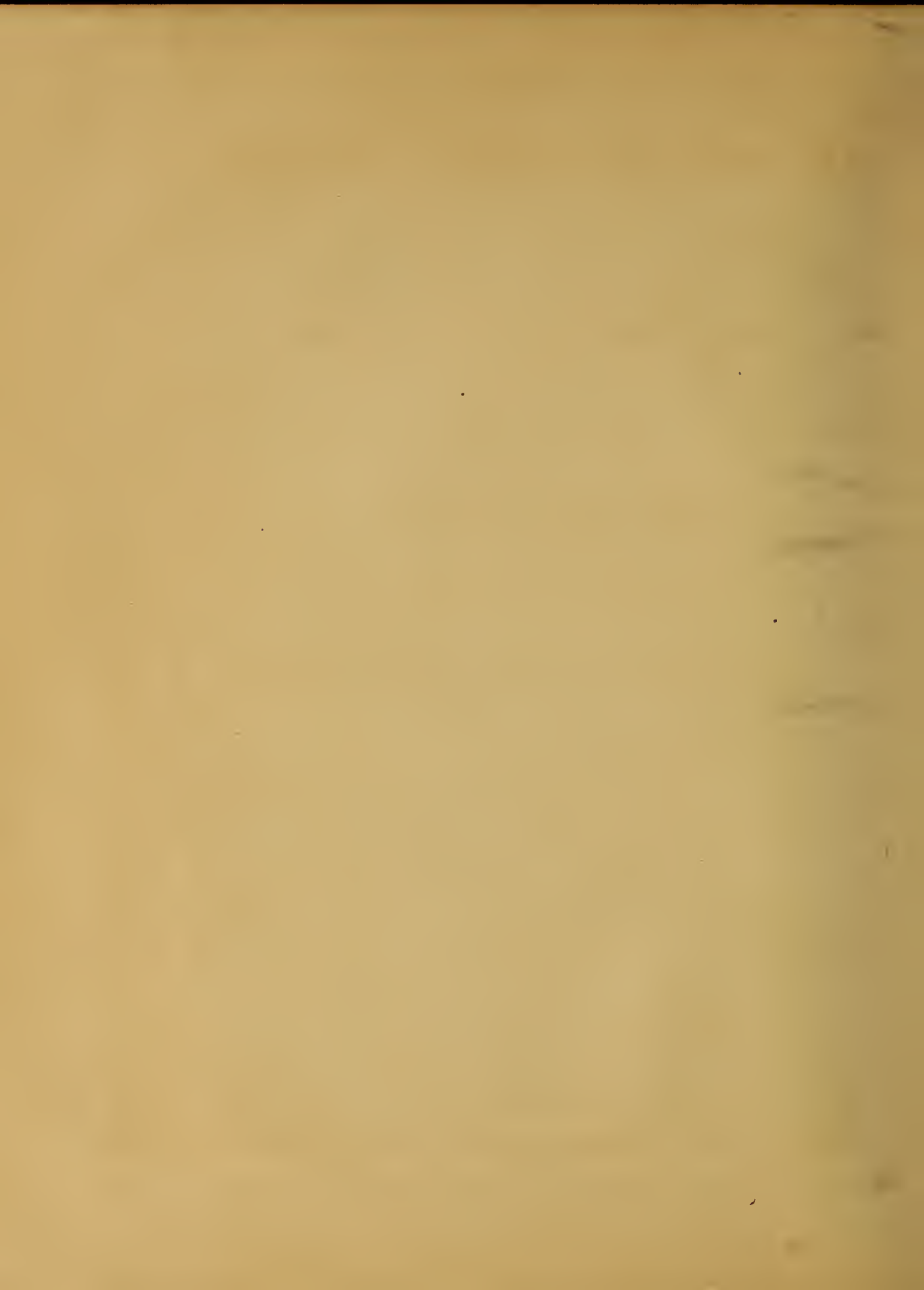














With arms outstretch'd he strove her steps to stay,
But she, rebellious fair one, flew away.

RHYMES WITHOUT REASON,

WITH

REASONS FOR RHYMING:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Two Prose Essays.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF NO OTHER PUBLICATION!!!

————— The torrent of the poetic passion is too rapid to suffer *consideration*.

————— If at any time we come to *forget* ourselves, and can screw up our *Fancy* so as to smother our *Reason*, we may succeed; and inspire our Readers with a passion we begin to feel.— Yet Judgment will recur when the Fit is over, and leave us the same cool, unadmiring person we were before.

L O N D O N :

PUBLISHED BY RODWELL & MARTIN, 46, NEW BOND STREET.

1823.

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3, Chapel Street, Tottenham Court Road.

L. B. N. 1948-6-24

AD TYPOGRAPHUM.

Man of types, whate'er thy name,
Be it Nelson, Smith, or Brown ;
Help me up the steep of Fame,
Print 'ere Fashion quits the town.

Ghost of "Caxton"—honor'd shade !
I invoke thee ; oh ! in pity,
Urge the imps to ply their trade,
Spread my numbers thro' the City.

Where had been—(illustrious wight),
Without thine art, the wit of ages ?
Buried in eternal night,
Few had e'er read Homer's pages.

Man of Letters, then proceed,
Be the punctuation clear ;
Let me no "Errata" need,
But the sense at once appear.

Printer ! hear me then in pity,
Be thy paper smooth and fair,
'Tis a Lady pens this ditty,
Can'st thou scorn a Lady's pray'r ?

(From the foot of Parnassus, April 15, 1823.)

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ERRATA.

In the last line of the 5th page—(“ In praises due to Tyerman * and Co.”)—a note has been omitted, which we are obliged to insert in this place :—

* A fashionable Haberdasher of the day—to whom the Travellers were indebted for hospitable shelter, until the necessary repairs of traces, &c. were effected.

-
- PAGE 16.....Line 11—for coupe, read coupée.
24..... 6—for i'll, read I'll.
25.....24—for waive, read wave.
41.....25—for gaiters, read garters.
42..... 8—for she, read she's.
51.....16—for quietly, read quickly.
66..... 6—for what, read which.

SUFFENUS has no more wit than a mere clown, when he attempts to write Verses, and yet he is never happier than when he is scribbling; so much does he admire himself and his compositions. And indeed this is the foible of every one of us; for there is no one living who is not a *Suffenus* in one thing or other.

Catul. de Suffeno. 20. 14.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS TO MY MOTHER.

La Mádre per sovérchio amóre, non comprénde i difetti del figliuóla.

FROM one, Supreme! each bounteous gift we own ;

In adoration we approach his throne :

Too weak to praise, in silence we adore

The stream of mercy, which he deigns to pour :

Nor least that mercy, which on me has smil'd,

And 'mid the storm, hath spar'd thee to thy child.

Belov'd and gentle Mother, tender Nurse,

To thee I dedicate my humble Verse.

But too unworthy of thine ear, alas !

Tho' fond affection bids the off'ring pass.

In helpless infancy and childhood's reign,

For me, thou hast endured a Mother's pain,

For me, too oft hath stream'd the anxious tear,

And now, I would thy bosom's anguish cheer :

But ah ! how weak the hand which pens the lay,

It is not *thus* thy love I can repay :

DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

Still with maternal fear, thy throbbing breast
Beats with alarms, which I would soothe to rest.
Thou tremble'st that thy child, alas ! should'st hear
The breath of censure—or excite the sneer ;
Within I feel that power ; which from above
Supports me, with assurance of thy love.
Then smile, my Mother, as in happier hour,
Autumnal gales have spared one tender flower ;
By Hope 'tis nurs'd, unfading are its hues,
While gentle pity sheds her fost'ring dews ;
And tho' undeck'd by laurell'd wreath I stand,
Tho' doom'd with thee to seek a distant land ;
To Heaven still I'll bend my willing knee,
Adore my MAKER—love and honor thee.

TO THE READER.

DURING a period of the present century (our manuscript bears no precise date, from which circumstance we are led to conjecture that it was written prior to the disclosure of that invaluable system introduced by the Sieur Von Finagle, and industriously studied by every lover of accuracy)—a party of friends were assembled in our house, when it was proposed, and immediately seconded by the majority present, that an excursion should be made to some place of Summer resort. Margate (though offering few other attractions), from its proximity to London, was the spot chosen; and the packet (notwithstanding the avowed refinement of some individuals in our party), was the conveyance fixed upon to transport us to this annual scene of noise and revelry. My known aversion to all aquatic expeditions (or as some expressed themselves), “my confirmed hydrophobia,” appeared so invincible, that it was almost despaired to impress me into the intended *voyage*: But my scruples (or rather fears) were at length overcome by entreaty; and agitated by sensations widely differing from the other members of our party (who looked towards the following day with anticipations of delight), I retired to my chamber, with as much solemnity as though

TO THE READER.

I had been on the eve of again crossing the great Atlantic. It will be necessary, however, for me to inform the indulgent Reader *why* the idle rhymes entitled "A Margate Journal," were composed, and for what reason published: In replying to the former question, I must return to our assembled friends, the junior part of whom had unanimously agreed that a Journal should be preserved by each during our absence, and that upon our return, an evening should be devoted to the perusal of our respective notes. With what punctuality these promises were fulfilled, I will at once disclose by stating, that with the exception of my sister's, mine was the sole record of this *eventful* excursion. The reasons for composition having been stated, I would likewise proceed to account for its *publication*; but the list of those kind friends displayed in the first pages of this little volume, discloses most plainly that an impulse more powerful in my bosom than vanity, has drawn me from that retirement, in which my chief happiness was centered, and where the approval of those beloved friends around me, has been the only reward I desired.

E. G.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Poets are supposed to be summoned by the Muse—who, in compassion to the lack of argument among the sons and daughters of rhyme, bids them repair on board a packet, then proceeding to Margate's giddy town, and which, from the description of its freight, promises to afford subjects for the pen and pencil. The call is obeyed by every poet within hearing :—each in his peculiar style of verse, sings the pains and pleasures of the voyage, &c. ; but, as they all (with the exception of Margatella), assumed a very lofty strain, and their several manuscripts being extremely scarce, the following Journal is the only one we have it in our power to lay before the Reader.

HO! from Parnassus let the trumpet sound,
List all ye hungry bards who dwell around,
Loud let the trumpeter this news proclaim
To rhymists all, with or without a name;
Your piteous bleatings, have the Muses' mov'd,
To feed your starving wits, with wholesome food.
Ye, that enthron'd, on three-legg'd stool sit high
In topmost parlour (vulgarly call'd sky),
Descend; and from your attic slumbers wake,
In blackest ink your thirsty goose-quills slake.
To Billingsgate's plebeian shore repair,
With pens provided, and with paper fair.
Enter the well-trimm'd bark, with truth rehearse
All that thou see'st or hear'st in noble verse;

No longer be content supine to sit,
 Until thou feel'st the poet's rhyming fit ;
 Learn too, all themes ignoble to despise,
 Which only breathe in praise of ladies eyes.
 Here, sing of shipwrecks, waterspouts, and rocks,
 Tornados, hurricanes—nay all the shocks
 Which nature deals at times, with heavy hand,
 Spreading destruction both o'er sea and land.
 Attend, ye scribbling host, attend the call,
 Epic, Heroic, Lyric-dealers, all !!
 Whether in lofty strain ye court the nine,
 Or only pour the light and jingling line,
 Whether to love or war thou tun'st the lay,
 Lordling, or Knight, or Squire, thou must obey ;
 Leave for a space this foul, unwholesome air,
 Leave London smoke ; to Margate swift repair,
 Delay not for a moment, nor refuse
 Your offerings of incense to the Muse.
 Thus spake the Messenger, and spread his wing
 Towards high Olympus ; tidings new to bring.
 Wide flew the casements of each attic floor,
 Those who no casements have, they ope the door,
 And issuing forth with wild disorder'd mien,
 A thousand hungry Bards at once are seen,
 These foremost press ; while slowly in the rear,
 The happier sons of verse at length appear.

Obedient to the Muse, now see them stand,
 A poor, splenetic, vain, and testy band.
 The bark is laden ; now it groans with weight,
 Had ever pilot such a classic freight ?
 Still ling'ring on the shore ; a maid appears,
 With hair dishevell'd, eyes obscur'd by tears ;
 The Bards indignant, view her with disdain,
 Some urge her to retrace her steps again,
 Nor dare with them, to mingle in the throng,
 Nor with her feeble voice to pour the song.
 " Stranger," (they cry) " why thus provoke the nine ?
 " Who know thee not, e'en by one simple line ?"
 Descending now, amid the lofty trees,
 (The gods you know can do what e'er they please)
 (Plant vineyards in the city, or at will
 (Cause oaks and elms to grow near Fish-street Hill).
 Descending then, is seen a brilliant star ;
 It opes, and shows divine Astræa's car ;
 The goddess thus—(while trembling stood the tear)
 " 'Tis Justice speaks," " ye sons of Music, hear ;"
 " Ask not from whence, the gentle maiden came,
 " But help her to ascend the steep of fame."
 The Muses long have watch'd the maid with care,
 As though she wou'd approach them, if she dare ;
 Nay once inspir'd, she op'd her trembling lip,
 And sought *one* drop from Helicon to sip ;

But e'er she could the pleasing draught prolong,
 Or to the Muses breathe one grateful song,
 Terror arose with all her fitful band,
 And tore the lyre from the maiden's hand ;
 But now, with hope she comes, the task to dare,
 Astræa ceas'd, and vanish'd into air.
 By pity urg'd, some now extend their hand,
 And Margatella sighing, quits the strand.
 The crowded deck one moment she surveys,
 And thus the mandate of the Muse obeys.

THE JOURNAL OF MARGATELLA.

————— What words appear
 Too light, or trivial, or too weak to bear
 The weightier sense, nor worth the reader's care,
 Shake off.

CREECH.

The morning came, and Margatella rose,
 Sprang from her couch, and quickly sought her clothes ;
 Ablution's needful does she not forget,
 And *moderately* laces her corset.
 Now half repentant, half inclin'd she seems,
 Presaging evil from the midnight dreams,
 While wrapp'd in sleep, Queen Mab the curtain drew,
 And in her ear the silver trump she blew.

“ Maiden,” she cried, “ I bring no joy for thee,
 “ Forbear !---nor venture on the pathless sea ;
 “ For, on the surface of the deep I find,
 “ Omens which must alarm thy gentle mind,
 “ Most hideous storms do in the sky appear,
 “ Denoting storms, and death, and danger near ;
 “ Pale Saturn’s ring a bloody aspect shews,
 “ And thicken’d is the air,—by carrion crows ;
 “ Go not,” she cried ! !—and vanish’d with a scream,
 Her victim woke—and lo ! it was a dream.
 Now at the door, behold the carriage waits,
 And Margatella yields her to the fates.
 Oh, Piccadilli ! witness of our plight,
 How sad, how piteous was the doleful sight ;
 For lo ! with visages as grim as death,
 With eyes distent, and quick convulsive breath,
 We issued from our vehicle forlorn,
 One walk’d, another crept, a third was borne ;
 In mud—most vulgar mud, our carriage lay,
 The traces broke—the horses ran away.
 Shall I, like other rhymists, vainly call
 Upon the tuneful sisters of the hall ?
 No ; fond “ Benigna,” gentle maid, from thee
 I claim assistance,—to thee, bend the knee.
 Oh ! let my verse in easy numbers flow,
 In praises due to Tyerman and Co. ;

Such kindness, Tyerman, we can ne'er forget,
 Adieu! and may thy sun in splendor set,
 Unrivall'd may thy caps and bonnets stand,
 Long may'st thou flourish in this happy land.

Now the measure let me change,
 And give to thought a wider range;
 Fly on, fly on, my dull goose-quill,
 Drink of this ebon stream thy fill;
 Once more, we mildly yield to fate,
 And safely reach fam'd Billingsgate.

Here, Glo'ster's men, their leaders praises boast,
 Striving to gain, of passengers, the most;
 There, with Stentorian voice, the air is rent
 Of the superior sailing of the "Kent,"
 In which, we all were pleas'd to go,
 That is—we every one said so.
 But it were time, the Muse shou'd say,
 Who form'd this party free and gay;
 With heart (a better never beat,
 Of hospitality the seat)
 Was good Sir Hasty, our premier,
 And with him his two daughters dear.
 They have stepp'd in, before their time,
 But, 'twas a sacrifice to rhyme.
 Admir'd, nay ador'd, by all the fair,
 See modern Esculapius next appear;

Grave with the grave—you'd call him almost sad,
 At other times, you might pronounce him mad !
 'Tis said, we all some oddities possess,
 The doctor bows his head, and answers—" Yes."
 Tell him a story of an hour long,
 " Yes ; yes"—is all the burthen of his song.
 We know of old, Lavater could descry,
 Your turn of mind, by looking in the eye,
 The nose and mouth, oft lent their aid to show,
 What none but *Physiognomists* could know ;
 But I'd defy Lavater or de Haylen,
 To read the forehead of this Son of Galen ;
 Too broad the field, th' expanse too wide they find,
 Who there would trace the secrets of his mind.
 What various characters in life appear,
 Oh ! I could moralize—but dare not here ;
 Then fear not, ladies, to proceed,
 I will not sermonize—" indeed, indeed."
 Next on the list with brow serene appears,
 A good old man, somewhat advanc'd in years ;
 Respect he claims, but does not look for fame
 Our Mentor, waves the honor of a name.
 To gay Credulia does he now give place,
 Credulia, one of our hopeful race ;
 Of Erin's daughters, fairest of the fair,
 Failings she had, but they were light as air ;

I weigh'd her once—(mind ye, 'twas in a dream)
 Low sunk the good, while evil "kick'd the beam;"
 Stand forth Bellario, be not thou asham'd,
 Amid these gentle worthies to be nam'd;
 Bellario, for worlds wou'd not offend,
 And "Blackstone's" ever at his fingers end;
 Lastly with step, majestically slow,
 (Give room, or she will tread upon your toe);
 See Languilila comes; assist I pray,
 Or she will never reach her seat this day;
 If she would speak, her character I'd draw,
 But against silence man has fram'd no law;
 'Then farewell, Languillila, till we meet,
 Some future morning in fam'd "Cecil-street."

Behold us now in 'statu quo,'

Rang'd like puppets in a show;

While on either side we see,

Belles arm'd for conquest *cap a pe*.

Yonder sits one upon the quarter-deck,
 Unhappy wight! he meditates a wreck;
 Seems threat'ning on the shore again to leap,
 Nor dare the perils of the "vasty deep;"
 Strains ev'ry nerve, to catch one parting glance
 Of objects which recede, as *we* advance.
 Rheumatics, dropsies, phthysick, here and there,
 Promiscuous mingle, with black, brown, and fair.

In coat of blue, stands a young dandy sprite,
 With head as heavy, as his purse was light ;
 He goes not like the rest, his cash to spend,
 But by his voice—his shatter'd means to mend ;
 His hat was cover'd with peculiar pains,
 (Spoil'd previously, we guess'd, by the late rains) ;
 A spotted neckerchief—(not over thin)
 Prevents a civil war 'twixt nose and chin ;
 Each mark expressive of his race he bore,
 And sat unmov'd, until we reach'd the Nore.
 In sweet disorder Fatima next comes,
 Twirling with native grace, her active thumbs ;
 Two band-boxes on either arm she bore,
 With twenty smaller packages, or more ;
 'Tis said, in early life that she was wed,
 Nay twice to the Hymeneal altar led ;
 A cobbler, first ; but then, alas ! he died,
 She next became a wealthy butcher's bride.
 Reader—hast ever seen a cabbage rose ?
 Or Bardolph's mask with red inflated nose ?
 Hast ever in a storm, a windmill seen ?
 Or apter simile, a Windsor bean ?
 Thou hast—then Fatima we'll bid adieu,
 To masks, mills, roses, all which stand for you.
 Forgive, blest youth ; oh, Palamon ! excuse
 The bold attempt of my presumptuous Muse ;

To mingle with such Goths, a thought of you,
 Nay more, to name thee midst this motley crew;
 Had I the voice of Pitho the divine,
 Were ev'ry talent of the Muses' mine;
 Could I, like Raphael or Reubens paint,
 Still, still, would the resemblance be but faint;
 Away—seducing thoughts, Cupid depart,
 Come not within an inch, of my poor heart.
 Now does the beach resound with fond adieus,
 “And Jannet take ye care of your new shoes;
 “Pray tell your uncle Bisset, all I say,
 “And mind you take the cold bath twice a day;
 “See that poor John has something good to eat,
 “And wrap the cloak, my love, about your feet.”
 Thus spake the mother of a hopeful pair,
 Waving her crumpled kerchief in the air;
 With voice more low, and a distracted mien,
 Leander whisper'd to his parting queen;
 “Oh, day of grief—of joy no more I boast,
 “Hero, be sure you write, love, every post;
 “Dear, gentle maid—should ye be cast away,
 “Leander could not live another day;
 “Pish! cried the fair one, bless me how you rant,
 “I'll not endure it; no indeed I can't;
 “We only part, my love, to meet again.”
 “Pray, Captain, do you think we shall have rain?”

Cried a conceited imp—when lo !
 The sails unfurl, and out to sea we go.
 In mantle red, notoriously brisk,
 Was one by us yclep'd, Miss Fidget Frisk ;
 'Twas said, she left Cheapside, for change of air,
 Which, by-the-by, was nothing very rare) ;
 Her mother had a hamper cramm'd with food,
 Knowing her poor child's appetite was good ;
 A goose, a duck, a turkey, and a ham,
 With loads of raspberry and currant jam,
 Soon vanish'd—in the twinkling of an eye,)
 In company with half a pigeon pie, }
 Sadly I trembled for the stander by.
 Now various odors rise beneath the nose,
 Like any thing, but jessamine or rose ;
 Each to his basket or his hamper runs,
 As volunteers, in danger, to their guns ;
 Tea and sugar at the top,
 With Wellington's " Imperial Pop."
 Underneath in napkin fair,
 Remnants of a roasted hare ;
 Some eat, some drink, some strive to carve,
 All seem determin'd not to starve ;
 But (as of reason half bereft)
 Eat on ; that nothing might be left.

The tune of knives and forks at length is chang'd,
 To cups and saucers happily arrang'd.
 Across the deck the nimble steward flies,
 In haste he's call'd—in greater haste replies;
 For water, one; for cream, the others call,
 He first is serv'd, who can the loudest bawl.
 Ladies, methinks, I see you gape—oh fie!
 Presumptive proof, I fear, of en-nu-i.
 With your permission, let us rest awhile,
 Alas! I see I cannot raise a smile.

* * * * *

Come, Pegassus, my fav'rite steed,
 Bear me whither I shall lead;
 Over hampers, trunks and baskets,
 Chicken bones and empty flasks,
 Saucy waiters, card in hand,
 Idlers lounging on the strand;
 Pass the "George," the "Ship," the "Bell,"
 And gently stop at "Howe's Hotel;"
 There arrived, the rest I'll wait,
 And send my winged horse to bait.
 Now, congratulations fly,
 Like gnats beneath a summer sky;
 Till Somnus with his drowsy spell,
 For chamber candles, rings the bell;

In dreams the night flew swiftly by,
 Morpheus prevail'd, and Palamon was nigh;
 Aurora rose, the pleasing vision fled,
 And Margatella found herself in bed.

Credulia now with furious rap,
 Rouses the idlers from their nap;
 "Awake," (she cries) and ope the door,
 "I have been up since half past four;
 "Below our gallant squires wait,
 "What can detain you all *so late?*"
 First Sensibila spoke, "Sister," said she,
 "Credulia has been bitten by a flea;
 "It must be so; she shall the reason tell,
 "I trust poor Languillila slumber'd well."
 Cried Margatella, as she rais'd her head,
 "You know, *at home she dearly loves her bed.*"
 Conjecture o'er, we next descend,
 And to the Pier our footsteps bend;
 Persons of all shapes and sizes,
 Mix'd we find like blanks and prizes;
 Some the water came to sip,
 Others, for a saline dip;
 Many, just for pleasure came,
 (Or for something by the name),
 Our Machine now stops the way,
 "Come, ladies, dear, we cannot stay."

Such courage never was display'd,
 By any widow, wife, or maid ;
 The lovely Sensibila, she,
 Bounded like Naiade in the sea,
 Her raven tresses unconfin'd,
 Floated in waving grace behind ;
 Nearer now she draws her hood,
 And sighing, leaves the briny flood.
 Credulia follow'd in full state,
 For a description, see the plate.*
 Poets, like Angels, shou'd have wings,
 To raise them above earthly things ;
 For without pinions on their back,
 They cannot leave the beaten track ;
 Fly over substance, space, and time,
 Nor suit the *matter* to their rhyme.
 Never wishing to offend,
 To " Norfolk Place" our steps we bend,
 Where reside, as " large as life,"
 A noble Captain and his wife :
 My pen descriptive powers ne'er could boast,
 But of this lovely pair I'll make the most :
 The Captain slender, as a flag-staff tall,
 His wife Sartjee, more like a cannon ball,
 Or some umbrageous oak, whose spreading boughs
 Offers a grateful shelter to the cows.

* Unavoidably postponed until the *second edition of this work*.

Thus Sartjee, with her long and silken sail,
 O'ershadows half a furlong with the tail ;
 And then a voice so audible and clear,
 That when she speaks, the dead might almost hear ;
 One only daughter had this happy pair,
 Lively as May, and as Aurora fair ;
 They call'd her " Echo"—nor, am I afraid,
 To say the name was suited to the maid.

Lo! here she comes, " Oh, bless me, Mr. B.

" You'll favor us, I hope, to-night at tea ;

" What shall I offer, or what *will* you take ?

" Here is Madeira, port, and home-made cake.

" Pray have you been to ' Bettison's' to-day ?

" Or heard divine Panorma sing and play ?

" Oh! he's delightful ; so correct an ear!!

" But you've at least admir'd our new pier ?

" 'Tis meant *exclusively* for the parade,

" And I was there when the first stone was laid."

When she had taken *breath*, our leave we took,

And for a time this parrot cage forsook.

Who has e'er to Margate been ?

And never Dandelion seen ?

Surely there existeth none,

Strangers to this scene of fun.

Shou'd there be one ignoramus,

We'll let them know for what 'tis famous,

Dancing in a roasting sun,
 And drinking coffee, when they're done.
 So warm they look ; 'tis truly sad,
 And yet 'tis said they are not mad.
 Dancing in so strange a season !!
 Mad dogs wou'd surely have more reason :
 Here with " Frisk " we chanc'd to meet,
 With " Fidget Frisk," that damsel sweet,
 Who, heaven forbid ! shou'd be my guest,
 If famine e'er the land oppress'd.
 'Twixt a coupe and entre chat,
 Advancing see, the fam'd " Le Bas."
 Should you decline to mount the stage,
 His *ceremonies* turn to rage ;
 And wheeling round upon his toe,
 Leads off the disappointed beau.
 Oft now did Margatella sigh,
 But no one guess'd the reason why ;
 She sigh'd—perhaps to ease her soul,
 Sighs, like the wind, bear no control.
 Often she cast her eyes around,
 Seeking what objects might be found ;
 Objects sufficient met her eye,
 But the dear youth she sought, appear'd not nigh.

* * * * *

At night, in chorus, fam'd Panorma roar'd,
 Applause was loud—the singers were encor'd ;
 The gentle Echo was with grief struck dumb,
 Because a wasp had stung Panorma's thumb ;
 She so much wish'd, we shou'd the genius hear,
 And just found voice enough to say, " Oh dear !!
 " I'm really sorry it should happen so,
 " But he'll be well, I hope, before you go.
 Homeward we hie all free from care,
 A council hold—good Mentor in the chair.
 The question—" where the morrow we shou'd spend,"
 Come, Esculapius, your opinion lend :
 " Sir, I shall follow where the ladies lead,"
 " Prithee, Bellario, speak thou in my stead ;
 " If 'tis agreeable, suppose we fix
 " To meet upon the pier at half-past six ;"
 Resolv'd ; " but can Credulia rise as soon ?
 " I hear *at home*, she lays in bed 'till noon."
 The night was spent, the morning came,
 The sun, as usual, rose the same :
 Ye lights of rush, " hide your diminish'd heads,"
 And oh, ye snorers! rouse ye from your beds.
 A ride proposed, soon met assent,
 As none for solitude seem'd bent.
 But Languillila, hapless maid !
 Her heart is touch'd, I am afraid.

St. Peter's Minster, Pegwell Bay,
 We visited this joyous day.
 At Pegwell, we refreshment took
 In the "White Hart," by Thomas Cook ;
 Where on the door in chalk appear,
 These simple words—"NO SMOKEN HEAR."
 (A caution wholesome, without doubt,
 To members of a rabble rout ;
 But useless to the *courtly set*),
 Who now within the mansion met ;
 Here bread and shrimps, and Kentish ale,
 Meet with a quick and ready sale ;
 Long may "mine host" provide such cheer,
 If gentle "Fidget" be not near.
 'Tis said that walking aids digestion,
 And that it does—there is no question ;
 Forth went we then to take a walk,
 Beguiling time in social talk :
 Arrived upon the beach, we seek
 In ev'ry corner, hole, and creek,
 To find some fossil, spar, or shell,
 Which should to future ages tell,
 What deep researches we had made
 Without a shovel or a spade.
 "Alas ! we toil'd o'er barren ground
 'Twas "labor lost"—we nothing found.

Had good Sir Joseph been in our train,
 We had not thus return'd, or toil'd in vain.
 Once more arriv'd at the hotel,
 Hark ! I hear the dinner bell ;
 The beaux advance (I do not say with grace),
 And lead each lady to her destin'd place.
 Oh for " Canova's " hand, with chisel bright !
 For block of Parian marble pure and white !
 Or e'en " Van Grunter's " pencil—until then,
 I have no engine left me but the pen ;
 Then come my faithful herald—let us try
 To sketch a miniature of Captain Pry.
 'Tis not the studied step, or outward grace,
 The charms of figure, or a beauteous face,
 Which claim the Muses' praise, or can impart
 More than a transient pleasure to the heart.
 Nor gentle Peter, should thy curious phiz
 Transform the sober Muse into a quiz ;
 Did not that vanity, that self-conceit
 Which so conspicuous in thy person meet,
 Tempt me to shew thee in a glass more clear
 That *thou art not*, th' APOLLO BELVIDERE.
 Reader, his nose like Newgate wall, rose high,
 On either side of which he had an eye ;
 They, like rebellious debtors, strove to peep,
 And from their prison-house to take a leap.

Like Borough candidates, his lip and nose
 Strove each, with force, his neighbour to oppose ;
 But with this difference, these opponents stout,
 Tried not which should *get in*, but which stand out.
 His raven hair appear'd in upright grace,
 Displaying well the paleness of his face :
 A freckle, here and there, relieves the eye,
 Like roving planets in a cloudless sky.
 His cheeks with truth the "milky way" disclose,
 Tho' oft "reflected tints" shot from his nose,
 Which like the piony, or poppy bright,
 Diffus'd o'er all a "wild mysterious light."

To "Pallister's" at night we go,
 Where we meet a London beau ;
 Brilliant emblem of a flame,
 Florio!—now to Margate came.

Credulia, *once* for him a passion own'd,
 How chang'd—the fair *now* on him sternly frown'd ;
 Still on these looks the lover fed,
 When urged by sleep—he went to bed.
 The day once more succeeds the night,
Some are up before 'tis light ;
 What shall we do ? sweet ladies say,
 " Shall Donkies be the order of the day ?"
 " With all *my* heart, sweet Sensibila cries"—
 " Have you a heart—her neighbour quick replies ?"

Silence, 'tis said, conveys consent,
 And to the stable on we went ;
 Of Mr. Bennet, we enquire,
 If good Donkies we may hire :
 With look sagacious, peeping archly round,
 " Yes, Sir (said he), the best in Margate found ;
 " Come forward, Hector, shew your pretty face,
 " He was you know Ma'am of the Trojan race ;
 " His wife, Andromache, stands here hard by,
 " She's a fine beast—was never known to shy ;
 " Here *Poppet*, *Lightfoot*, *Snip* and *Julia* stand
 " They, Sir, are sometimes driven four in hand :
 " This Cupid, won the silver plate last year,
 " Against Sir Jockey's colt on Ramsgate Pier.
 " Come, ladies, are you seated"—here we go,
 With Esculapius and Florio.

We, our road had surely lost,
 But for the friendly finger post ;
 With a canter and a trot,
 Safely we to Ramsgate got.

Hector, more grateful than his master,
 (Who spurred him that he might go faster)
 Thought proper on his knees to fall,
 Before an ancient flinty wall ;
 There, to his patron saint he bray'd aloud,
 St. Neddy heard, and leap'd among the crowd.

“ Draw monster—arm thee with thy shield ;”

They drew—and Esculapius gain’d the field.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Pity now with fav’ring hand,

Strikes the goose-quill from my hand ;

“ Refrain she cried, refrain awhile,

“ Nor gain’st the fallen raise a smile.”

Pity ne’er shall plead in vain,

Into *her* hands I give the rein.

“ Homer,” when his Heros’ fall,

Loudly on the gods doth call ;

But *I*, poor rhymist, dare not tell

Even *how* my Hero fell :

Suppose that nought had here occur’d

Nothing of what we lately heard ;

Charge is the word, we onward go,

All but luckless Florio.

Whether ’twas the cows or crows,

Or whether ’twas poor Florio’s nose ;

What it was—we cannot say,

Having canter’d far away ;

Our commander beat retreat,

Seeing Florio in a heat.

With tearful eyes, and looks of deep remorse,

“ Good friends (said he), I’ve frightened a poor horse :

"Yonder he stands, his rider at his feet,
 "Oh dear, oh dear, I am in such a heat."
 Not many yards remov'd, the stranger lay,
 We gave assistance, wishing him good day.
 One object on our road I must not pass,
 'Twas Madam Patience, seated on an ass;
 Like monument of stone or wood,
 In a corn-field, mute she stood;
 "Patience" ne'er the spur applied,
 To her donkey's panting side;
 Never urged him with the switch,
 Lest he shou'd drop her in a ditch:
 But rais'd her eyes (which seem'd to say),
 'Help me, Christians, on my way."
 "Grief" rode up—on him she smil'd,
 At least 'twas one to grief allied;
 He crack'd his whip, forth sprang the ass,
 And bore away the patient lass.
 Broad Stairs, next, we have in view,
 The town we enter, two by two;
 To the Wheatsheaf we repair,
 Opposite the Hunted Hare:
 All arrived, we here alight,
 Sorely fagg'd, as well we might.
 What strange effects we often see,
 Caus'd by generous sympathy;

When tears bedew another's eye,
 We feel a strong desire to cry ;
 Or if at table one shou'd chance to gape,
 A sympathetic soul can ne'er escape.
 Florio look'd warm ; yes, warm I must repeat,
 Credulia cried, " indeed, i'll die with heat ;
 " Oh, doctor, doctor dear, what will I do ?
 " Snip went so fast ! bless me he almost flew."
 Refresh'd, remounted, the high road we took
 To Pegwell Bay—and call on Thomas Cook.
 " Bellario and Mentor" join our band,
 Again we sally forth upon the sand :
 Still hoping that we might at length descry,
 Some treasure which had first escap'd the eye.

A poet's license here I ask,
 T' assist me in this arduous task ;
 For shou'd I to the letter keep,
 My Muse would lull you soon to sleep.
 From Pegwell Bay, then let us go,
 And show ourselves in Nelson's row.
 Thither now, with one consent,
 " To tea and evening" on we went.

There we lovely Sartjee find,
 And Echo (*never far behind*)
 With nasal twang, now hear her say,
 " Miss F—the Reverend Mr. A."

“ The Reverend Mister A—Miss F—”
 Cried Sartjee—fearing they were deaf:
 Never trumpet spoke more loud,
 The Reverend Mister Ashton bow’d.
 Compliments being now complete,
 Each of our members take a seat ;
 Exhaustless theme ! “ Panorma and Latilla !”
 In Kent more fam’d, than “ Hannibal or Sylla.”
 But ’tis not known that *they* could play or sing,
 Then why should “ Echo” strive their praise to ring ?
 At “ whist” the elders now are seated,
 To “ Bettison’s” we then retreated;
 Just listened to a strain or two,
 But nothing like sweet “ *Driman Dhu.*”
 Like truants next we to the cliff repair,
 While *Driman Dhu* is echo’d thro’ the air.

Prudence on her careful wing,
 Bears us homeward as we sing ;
 While the moon with sober light,
 Cheats the gloom of dismal night.

Such deeds inglorious, view’d well might we say,
 With noble Titus, “ *I have lost a day :*”
 But from the first I promise gave,
 All sermonizng thoughts to waive ;
 So will not here devote a page
 To lash the follies of the age.

Clos'd is the day, the warning bell
 Bade us depart to Howe's hotel :
 Where with hope of sweet repose,
 Each swiftly to her chamber goes.
 Oh "gentle sleep"—(when conscience is clear)
 How sweet thy influence on man—how dear,
 When nurs'd by thee, such visions sweet we spy—
 As oft the artist's glowing touch defy.
 Sweet reader, may your sleep be ever such,
 To wish you more—were wishing you *too much*.
 A rainy morning usher'd in the day,
 Shewing too clearly we "at home" must stay.

But, good humour still prevail'd,
 Tho' it thunder'd, rain'd, and hail'd ;
 Some amus'd themselves at chess,
 Some did *nothing* I confess.
 There's a maxim—(when from home),
 "Act as Romans, when at Rome."
 This we studied to the letter,
 Tho' other conduct had been better.

Sunday came—to church we went,
 All with serious intent :
 No London pastor e'er cou'd boast,
 Of Christian hearers, such a host.
 Chelsea and Richmond are so near at hand,
 The last by water, and the first by land ;

That poor St. Nicholas, and good St. Bride,
 Are quite neglected for a pleasant ride.
 Oh, sad perversion of this sacred day,
 How few against temptation watch or pray.

* * * * *

What demon lurks beneath my pen?
 'Tis the spleen—that pest of men;
 Let me crush it e'er it rise,
 Ladies, look up—it dies; it dies.

* * * * *

Prayers are o'er—each devotee
 Rises from her bended knee;
 To the crowded porch they hie,
 Heaving many an anxious sigh,
 While in torrents pour'd the sky. }
 Hoping soon 'twill cease to rain,
 Many in the aisle remain;
 Should it not—what must they do?
 One has got so thin a shoe:
 “The morning promis'd to be fine,
 “Indeed the sun began to shine;”
 Cried a poor damsel, in a yellow cap,
 With look, as though just risen from a nap:
 Her parasol she rais'd, oh, hapless she!
 Her dress call'd loudly, for a paraplui;

'Twas blue; Cerulean blue; alas! poor queen,
 Blue when with yellow mix'd, becometh green:
 Pitying, we left the fair one to repent,
 That she to church without a bonnet went.

* * * * *

The evening comes—we then repair,
 In sober mood, to Hawley Square;
 Where, with puritanic zeal,
 Strove one—the Scriptures to reveal:
 Forbid it, gentle Muse that here,
 This idle verse shou'd dare to sneer,
 On subjects which, e'en from my youth,
 I've held as sacred as the truth;
 Then from the preacher let us pass,
 Lest ridicule shou'd raise her glass:
 Homeward from the Square we go,
 There we meet with Florio;
 Always lively, always gay,
 Something ever new to say:
 With what a charming, graceful air,
 The room he enters—takes a chair;
 Ladies gentle, guard your hearts,
 For Florio has powerful darts:
 Cupids' lurk in ev'ry glance,
 But oh, ye gods!! to see him dance;

Never can I hope to show,
 With what grace, he points his toe :
 So, lest I shou'd be farther led,
 I'll say good night, and then to bed.

'Tis morn ; the sun rose clear and bright,
 Diffusing o'er the earth its light ;
 Horses are order'd ; off we go,
 To Dover—join'd by Florio :
 Credulia's heart beat loud and high,
 At intervals was heard a sigh ;
 Now flew the giddy hours apace,
 'Till Dover's rocky height we trace :

All preliminaries past,

Behold us on the cliff at last.

Had not Shakspeare sung, before
 I visited this classic shore ;
 Of crows and choughs, I now wou'd sing,
 Of crows and choughs, the air shou'd ring ;
 But as all rivalry I hate,
 The crows and choughs, we'll leave to fate.

“ Credulia, dost thou seek for death ? ”
 Cried hapless Florio, out of breath ;
 This hearing, all in haste look'd round,
 And saw the lover on the ground ;
 With arms outstretch'd, he strove her flight to stay,
 But she, rebellious fair, now flew away.

Cried Mentor, "Prithee, let the lady peep,"
 "Oh no," cried Florio, "did she look, she'd leap."
 "Fear not," said Mentor, "'tis an idle strife,
 "When bent on death, to paint the joys of life;
 "Pray let her go—if you no promise give
 "To leap with her, methinks she'd strive to live:
 "As yet thou'rt young, know'st not the female mood,
 "Women love pity as they love their food:
 "Your love for her, cannot exceed her own,
 "Self love," they say, is engender'd in the bone.
 Thus spake the sage, and turn'd himself away,
 Credulia cried, "I'll live *another day*."
 Whatever more this day occur'd,
 All I saw, or all I heard,
 Nothing more, will I repeat,
 But from Dover, beat retreat.
 The parting I can never paint,
 Some cry, some scream, while others faint:
 Indeed, by some, 'twas even said,
 Florio, was lifeless put to bed.
 Return'd—each eye is clos'd in sleep,
 Save poor Credulia's—she to weep,
 Crept to her chamber sad and slow,
 To dream of choughs, and Florio.
 Another day—it came, and pass'd,
 Almost as idly as the last:

A second, and a third, when lo !
 Homeward we all prepare to go ;
 Musing we sat—some sipp'd their tea,
 When enter “ Echo and Sartjee ;”
 Their flaxen ringlets, crisp'd and curl'd,
 Their cambric handkerchiefs, unfurl'd ;
 While rose between them, two feet higher,
 The Captain, like St. Mary's spire ;
 He spoke not much ; for *entre nous*,
 He'd little chance, between the two :
 But *look'd* his feelings, and was mute,
 Which sav'd him often from dispute.
 With trembling accents, hear them sigh,
 While tears stand glistening in their eye :
 Sartjee, with grief, look'd almost pale,
 When “ Echo's” voice took up the tale.
 Implor'd—we would prolong our stay,
 Were it, but for another day.
 Of pleasant schemes, proposed a host,
 T' enchain us to the Kentish coast ;
 “ Calypso” like, she now wou'd smile,
 And hop'd to keep us in her Isle ;
 But smiles, and lures, alike were vain,
 Next morn, we sought the pier again :
 For all particulars, I must
 Refer you now to page the first.

Now, Margatella rais'd her eyes,
 She clasps her hands, and wildly cries—
 “Ye gentle winds!”—the rest died in her throat,
 When hark! the Captain screams, a boat, a boat;
 See where it comes—oh rapture! extasy!
 'Tis Palamon himself; ye gods 'tis he!!!
 Woman at best, is an enigma rare,
 Methinks you start and ask me *how I dare?*
 Oh, had the heart but speech, oft wou'd it say,
 “Tongue, thou say'st wrong; eyes, look the other way.”
 For now, tho' Margatella's heart beat high,
 With joy, that her lov'd Palamon was nigh;
 Yet still her eyes, play'd truant to her heart,
 And justly, did she act the woman's part:
 She gaz'd on all, but him on whom she thought,
 Some wonder'd what it was the damsel sought;
 If any here of slighted love complain?
 Now let him speak; I'll ease him of the pain;
 She loves not less, who turns her head away,
 When Damon wou'd some tender something say.
 Nor art thou less belov'd, tho' with a frown,
 Lucinda rail at thee thro' half the town;
 Believe me, Sir, she loves thee with more truth
 Than Grecian Helen, lov'd the Trojan youth.
 But to my text—'tis Palamon the brave,
 Of Palamon, I cou'd for *ever* rave.

With folded arms he takes his seat,
 How he look'd, I'll not repeat ; —
 But of this party-colour'd crew,
 I'll give an inventory true :
 See first, " the Castle Spectre " stand,
 With hose ungarter'd—hat in hand ;
 Upon his head a woollen cap he bore,
 Nay do not mock, on board were many more ;
 E'en Esculapius, though a mighty beau,
 'To such economy is not a foe :
 Yonder, see where pale Hypochondria sits,
 Sorely afflicted with ill-humour'd fits,
 Dangers she sees, no other can espy,
 Breaking each pause, with a tremendous sigh.
 Pass o'er Glumdalclitch—no, that must not be,
 'Tis nothing without her and " Tiparee ;"
 Here sat the mother—there, the infant stood,
 " Here is a bun, my darling, is it good ?"
 " Yes ; more !" now scream'd this little prince of pigs,
 And rais'd his hand, to gain a bag of figs :
 " Patience, my love"—here eat this sandwich first,
 Our wonder was, the monkey did not burst.
 Forgive the rhyme, nor ladies think me bold,
 My Muse grows weary, as the night grows cold ;
 Description of the rest shall be deferr'd,
 Perchance you have already too much heard ;

And yet, a little space you must afford,
 If but to tell ye—that we slept on board :
 Off fly the hats, replac'd by caps of fur,
 Now in the cabin is a general stir ;
 Oh, Hogarth ! could I but thy pencil wield,
 For lov'd caricature, how wide a field ;
 The scene I studied, 'twas a wondrous page,
 To see one thought so many minds engage ;
 'Twas sleep, sweet sleep and rest from care they sought,
 What rest they gain'd, was surely dearly bought ;
 “ Pandora's Box,” when hope had taken flight,
 Shed all its horrors on this tedious night.
 If there's a taste of comfort in a hoy,
 Blest Margatella did that taste enjoy ;
 Retired from the herd, she sat beside
 Her gentle Palamon—the maiden sigh'd ;
 He first address'd her—oh, what said the youth ?
 I really do not know—and 'tis the truth,
 For Margatella treasures up his words,
 As some would diamonds or humming birds ;
 Again I have, methinks, transgress'd my bounds,
 Like some poor hare, when 'tis pursu'd by hounds :
 When my horse appears in view,
 I'll take a kind farewell of you ;
 Pegassus then hither come,
 Bear your mistress, bear her home ;

Do not even stop to say,

Adieu to one, but haste away.

At home arriv'd, our friends we meet,

And each in turn we kindly greet ;

Reader, farewell, since now I must be brief,

Oh ! smile upon me, or I die with grief !!!

THE affectation of a preliminary discourse to the Dancers may, in the opinion of some gentle readers, appear both unnecessary and ridiculous ; but (with all deference to their better judgment), I must assure them, that without a few words explanatory of my subject, the figure of " Our Dance" would be productive, of as much confusion as was that of the " Lancers" upon their first introduction. For the information, therefore, of such as may be disposed to join us in " THE DANCE"—I proceed :—*Scandalborough* (the scene of action) is a town remote from the metropolis ; and, although at this moment, sufficiently populous, recalls to mind the well-known and pathetic description of the "*Deserted Village*"—the simile is a little paradoxical ; for in what respect, a populous town can resemble a deserted village, some might find it difficult to determine. But I am led to make the comparison, from the complete change which has taken place in the inhabitants of Scandalborough. Of the numerous families who formed the society of the town at the period in which the following lines were composed, there is not at this time one remaining. The incidents to which I allude, are facts. The contest (followed by a challenge) between Major O. and the Bridegroom, has received no embellishment from my pen, but is given as it occurred. Of the closing scene, in which Coquetta plays so prominent a part, I now continue to

give some slight description. I have already stated that Scandalborough was a town very remote from London—indeed so much so, that however incredible it may appear to the ingenious inventor, “*The Curling Fluid*” was not even known in Scandalborough. This circumstance will fully account for the distressing state to which poor Coquetta was reduced, in seeing herself reflected on all sides, by the antique mirrors which adorned the Ball-Room, in a manner but little flattering to her vanity. Her long and silky hair (which upon her entrance into the Ball-Room hung in graceful ringlets on all sides of her well-turned head), was now a lank, disordered mass;—and so entirely was Coquetta discomposed by the transformation, that she took the desperate resolution of restoring to their original beauty, those locks which were now the cause of all her woe. To the lower end of the Ball-Room, therefore, she adjourned, and with the assistance of her partner, the honors of her head were in a short time completely restored. The act I believe to be unprecedented in the annals of Dancing; nay I should imagine that in any Ball-Room within the influence of St. James’, it would have been altogether impracticable. To give the scene a little more of *poetry*, than it originally possessed, I have ventured upon a slight change in the dramatis personæ, by substituting for the accommodating Beau, *Cupid* and his attendant scouts.

“Peace, harmony, and good order, which make the happiness of a people, are the *bane* of a poem that subsists by wonder and surprise.”

THE DANCE—A FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED WITHOUT PERMISSION TO THE DANCERS.

Why to the Theatre did Cato come

With all his boasted gravity ?

R. WYNNE.

SATIRE ; I know thee not—avaunt I pray,
 Thou hast been lurking near me all the day ;
 And when I have some sober couplet sought,
 By potent spells, thou turn'st the tide of thought ;
 Good-humour guides the pen which thou would'st wield,
 Then quit splenetic fiend—quit, quit the field :
 I sing the dance ; let critics hold their peace,
 And for a time, bid noisome discord cease ;
 The dance I sing, and who dare check my pen ?
 Not all the dancers ; be they maids or men :
 My lyre ! which at Parnassus' foot, so long hast hung,
 Silent, unnotic'd, shatter'd, and unstrung ;
 That oft the rising sigh has bid to cease,
 In grief I sought thee, and thou whisper'd peace.
 Nay e'en in pleasure, thou hast borne thy part,
 Fond lyre ! thou know'st each secret of my heart ;

Together let us mount Parnassus' height,
 Dethrone Apollo! put the Nine to flight;
 Save lov'd Terpsichore; oh muse divine,
 Let inspiration breathe thro' every line:
 Thy votaries my theme, thy sports my lay,
 Then come light-footed Muse, come, come away.
 Oh, *Scandalborough!* famed for Belles and Beaux,
 For nothing else? cries one—no balls—no shows?
 For both I cry; (while anger makes me hoarse),
 So soon to break the thread of my discourse;
 A silent hearing, is the whole I ask—
 (Silence to some poor folk), oh! what a task!!
 Sweet *Scandalborough Paradisic* town,
 How can *my* pen, e'er add to thy renown?
 Save in recording thy subscription hops,
 For which, read dances; for the men, read fops:
 Oh for the Belles! some simile divine,
 Assist me, figuranté Muse, with just one line;
 One line descriptive of each killing charm,
 That strikes the timid partner with alarm;
 But we digress; the promise was a dance,
 At the projectors let us give a glance:
 Tho' (honest men) their dancing days were over,
 Their daughters lov'd the sport as cows love clover;
 Nay, to extend the simile awhile,
 Or from your gravities to raise a smile,

Methought ('tis not a jest), I sometimes think,
 Like thirsty fishes, they at times wou'd drink;
 But not of limpid brook, or purling stream,
 E'er did these female *Scandalburgians* dream;
 Porter, I blush to name it, did they quaff,
 'Then simper, ogle, drink again—then laugh:
 Of these a few; those of a graver mould,
 Were satisfied with negus, *I am told*—
 Orgeat and coffee, lemonade and tea,
 Best of their kind, better they cou'd not be:
 Forbid it mercy, that I be severe,
 Or that good-humour shou'd desert the rear;
 But do thine utmost, Satire shows her claws,
 Cries for reform in manners, men, and laws:
 Shame on thee, Scandalburgians, paltry crew!
 I blush for penury, I blush for *you*;
 Ye call yourselves Esquires, hold high the head,
 And yet, are poor in spirit, dull as lead:
 Show your professions in your acts; and dare
 T' undraw your purse-strings, give your gold the air.
 Build an assembly-room, 'twill serve at most,
 To shew that you can *act* as well as *boast*.
 'Tis true you have a covering, where you meet,
 Better perhaps than dancing in the street:
 Might I suggest; your *pavé* (when 'tis dry)
 With that celestial canopy the sky;

Might serve as ball-room, cloak room, one and all, }
 And if some *wrangler* should engross the wall, }
 Police and Watch are both within your call. }
 Nor these the sole advantages that rise,
 Hold, hold, enough—good humour mildly cries;
 The embryo thoughts which hover in my brain,
 Insist on utterance, to oppose were vain.
 Lights you'll have gratis, not one sou to pay,
 Or fears for aught—save colds the following day.
 There are, I know, who do not care for pain,
 And Stoic-like, laugh at a bruise or sprain :
 These, for the doctor's magic aid do call,
 Oh transport ! who'd not suffer from a fall ;
 Nay more, to see the man on whom you doat,
 With lovers' glances, peep within your throat ;
 Pronounce it red, inflam'd; aye sometimes sore !
 Intelligence the patient knew before :
 Ye youthful sons of Galen, oh beware !
 How ye approach the sick, coquettish fair ;
 In turn the patient (haply you'll endure),
 Pangs which your boasted art, can never cure.
 But to my theme; leave love-sick dames to chance,
 Or to the doctor ; or, a Country dance.
 The first assembly ! what a magic sound !
 Is there a female heart that does not bound ?

Or in imagination, see the Beau,
 Approach with polish'd pumps and well turn'd toe ;
 One hand upon his throbbing heart is laid,
 The other is extended to the maid ;
 He bows, she curtsies—both are pleas'd no doubt,
 Grimacing at an end ; he leads her out.
 On came the night, with most portentous look,
 The clouds pour'd rain, the doors and windows shook ;
 And tho' Old Boreas raged and chimnies fall,
 On went these giddy mortals to the ball :
 Array'd in splendor—oh, most dazzling sight !
 In all the liveries 'twixt black and white.
 Now see them all arrived, now hear them laugh,
 Saw ye that well turn'd ankle, or that calf ?
 Now pass the door, and next the stairs ascend,
 Where if you'd save your head, your neck you'll bend ;
 Ye three-feet gentry not to you I write,
 You may with perfect safety walk upright ;
 But for all those six feet in alt, or more,
 Stoop, stoop they must, to enter at the door.
 Now at the summit of these stairs of state,
 Cries one, dear Ma'am, I hope we're not too late,
 " I heard the harper Lucy, did'nt you ?
 " In pity wait, ~~just~~ till I change my shoe :"
 The gaiters next inspection undergo,
 Then follow tucker, sash, and furbelow :

But leave these fidgets here to fret and foam,
 Wishing they'd for the future—dress *at home*.
 The music strikes, the dancing is begun,
 Dancing said I?—we mean the romp or run;
 There were exceptions—shall I name them? No.
 I hate exceptions cried a modern Beau.
 Now see, 'tis *dos a dos*, now *Moulinet*,
 Do put that lady right—she's lost her way.
 I'd rather struggle with a broom or pole,
 Thro' twenty couples 'till I reach'd the goal,
 Than toil with one who knows not sharp from flat,
 And as for ear—no more than Merlin's cat.
 You've seen, perhaps, a grasshopper disturb'd,
 Or a horse prance when suddenly 'tis curb'd;
 A dancing bear, when first it feels the heat,
 Of the hot bars o'er which it moves its feet:
 Then you have seen the step of Major O—
 What pity 'tis he hangs his head so low;
 The ladies call him handsome; but the men
 Cry, do ye think so? let me look again;
 Then raise their glasses, turn upon their heel,
 And strive to hide the jealousy they feel.
 Oh! for that honor'd stump of reed or quill,
 With which old Homer did his tablets fill;
 That soul of fire which urged his noble song,
 But not to me doth spark or reed belong;

Nay, could I even see before mine eyes,
 Walter's discarded quill, I'd seize the prize,
 And snatch those embers of poetic fire,
 Which sing of wrathful man's revengeful ire.
 Yet, not of clashing steel or armour bright,
 Of Agamemnon or of Troy I write ;
 Nor how the reeking javelin stream'd with gore,
 Which Hector from the breast of Ajax tore :
 Nor do I sing of arms, tho' blows rebound,
 'Tis Fisty-cuffs !! I sing—plebeian sound !!!
 Where was the slender wand—the ribbon blue ?
 Where was the man of order ? dancing too !!!
 While louder rose the tumult ; pitying night,
 Spread o'er the scene thy mantle—'twas a fight !!!
 I call upon the " Fancy," and wou'd know,
 Could they before a Belle—knock down a Beau ?
 That Beau a Bridegroom, and the field a dance,
 Oh, 'twould not be believ'd in gentle France :
 That 'mid a scene so fair such words arose,
 That well-bred squires' shou'd proceed to blows.
 It is a task for other pen than mine,
 It is a task well pleas'd I cou'd resign :
 To sing of anger, or in rhymes to dress,
 Scenes which too strongly on my fancy press :
 But my perspicuous Muse, proceeds to tell,
 The terrors which o'ercame each gentle Belle ;

But most (in virgin white) that Bride so dear,
 How shall I paint her bosom's anxious fear?
 Or tell how swiftly from her cheeks now flew,
 The beauteous tints; that blush of roseate hue;
 While stretch'd upon the floor (on her he calls),
 She sees her "bosom's lord"—she faints, she falls.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

But whence this tumult? let the Muse proceed,
 He that would be inform'd, now let him read;
 As thro' the lively mazes of the dance,
 Successive couples gracefully advance;
 Our Bridegroom, with unlucky heel or toe,
 Trod on the well turn'd foot of Major O.
 The Major, fir'd, his warlike spirit rose,
 He long'd to pull the Bridegroom by the nose;
 Tumult ensues, the Major with a frown,
 Extends his arm, and knocks the Bridegroom down;
 Cards were exchang'd—of friends they chose a pair,
 Next morning met, and *fir'd in the air*.
 Of all domestic plagues I hate a prude,
 But at no season should a girl be rude;
 I love propriety, nay more than all,
 I cannot bear disorder at a ball:
 Then, "Capriola"—pray advance thine ear,
 (I would not listeners should overhear),

Or that the beauteous tints thy cheeks disclose,
 Should borrow shadow from the damask rose ;
 In language plain, I would not make thee blush,
 Or cause with rage that lovely face to flush ;
 Then let me whisper—when again we meet,
 Whether in Ball-room, Theatre, or Street,
 Remember that the brightest gem you wear,
 (Not you alone, but each aspiring fair),
 Is modesty ; that jewel of the mind,
 The sweetest attribute of “ *Womankind*.”
 Lo ! what stands there beneath that pondrous light,
 With chin extended, beardless face so white ?
 Is it a monkey ? or a modern man ?
 With what agility it twirls a fan ;
 And when with *that* its pretty hands are weary,
 Plays with its seals—or whispers to his deary :
 Observe his motion—oh, I have it now,
 ’Tis just between a curtsy and a bow :
 Still he keeps time, and that’s a mighty matter,
 ’Tis true, indeed I never stoop to flatter :
 This youth was formed like other men I find,
 But not precisely fashion’d to his mind ;
 Said he, “ when I arrive at man’s estate,
 “ I’ll try and mend myself, if not too late :”
 Then purchas’d stays, which fitted to a T,
 And made *himself* the figure that you see.

Mark yon poor girl, how wretched she appears,
 What can possess her ? is she not in tears ?
 A fractur'd limb at least can cause such woe,
 Perhaps the absence of a favor'd beau :
 Nor these her griefs, far other weightier care,
 Disturb the tranquil bosom of the fair :
 Now to the glass she turns, then to her seat,
 Between each pause, exclaims against the heat ;
 Across the Ball-room now she bends her way,
 Nor cou'd persuasions meek her footsteps stay ;
Next from propriety the reins she takes,
And o'er decorum's bar one bound she makes.
 Happy, who can the sour look restrain,
 When petty troubles give the bosom pain ;
 Most happy, who with patience bear the heat,
 Caus'd by th' exertion of their nimble feet.
 Coquetta, not to thee did Heaven impart,
 Command of feeling—in the head or heart ;
 In forked ends depending o'er each eye,
 Her raven locks in sad confusion lie ;
 O'ercome with heat, the languid curls unbend,
 And o'er Coquetta's neck they now extend :
 The fates and furies, now usurp the places,
 Where but an hour before, beam'd all the graces ;
 She gasps for breath, but utters not a word,
 At length this invocation from her lips is heard—

' Ye infant loves—ye pitying Cupids fair,
 " Oh come in haste, come and arrange my hair :"
 The loves, such eloquence could ne'er withstand,
 In clouds of smoke they enter hand in hand ;
 Mountains of soot check not their good intent,
 As down the Ball-room chimney on they went.
 Now, is the adonising work begun,
 And at Coquetta's head the poppets run :
 Cupid, turn'd Fris-seur, threw his bow aside,
 Oh but for *that*, Coquetta must have died.
 Divides the silken filaments with art,
 And to each love consigns a destin'd part :
 Now, see their fairy fingers form the curl,
 Now with dexterity the ringlets twirl ;
 The heated tongs, to Cupid are assign'd,
 Happy Coquetta, blest of womankind.
 She frowns no more—but eas'd of all her pain,
 The gentle maiden is herself again.
 More like Euphrosyne she now appears,
 The sun of gladness—beaming thro' her tears :
 Cupid, sought payment—with his well known art,
 Coquetta paid the debt *with all her heart*.

* * * * *

THE PEN.

My birth I know not, nor did e'er enquire,
 Who had the happiness of being my sire ;
 No doubt he fell on that eventful day,
 When thousands of his race were swept away.
 Oh, childhood ! blissful stage ; when I was young
 When fondly to my parents' side I clung ;
 I little thought that time, with ruthless hand,
 Would send me thus, a wand'rer, thro' the land.
 Torn from my kindred, bound and like a slave,
 Doom'd hard to toil, and find an early grave ;
 Maim'd on each side ; my unoffending nose,
 Alas ! is slit, to aggravate my woes.
 Thus mangled am I forced—oh, luckless case,
 To plunge in streams of gall, my wounded face.
 Then seized by guards, disguis'd with masks of horn
 O'er trackless wastes, reluctantly, I'm borne.
 Naked I journey, while without remorse
 The guards press on my sides, with cruel force ;
 Urge me with speed, tho' wet and often lame,
 And blacken by their arts, my spotless fame ;
 No hands or fingers, yet I write with ease,
 On any theme that may my masters' please.

Without my aid involv'd in blackest night,
 The wit of Pope had never seen the light ;
 Yet he (ungrateful and perfidious friend),
 " *Cut me*" and my acquaintance in the end.
 Nor was my lot improv'd, or loos'd my bands,
 When next I fell into a Lady's hands ;
 Slave to her will, I dar'd not breathe or mutter,
 And when enrag'd I've ventur'd on a *splutter* :
 She draws in haste her bright, well-sharpen'd knife,
 And cuts me sore, regardless of my life.
 With hints so strong, you surely now can tell,
 What is my name, and where I mostly dwell.

A DOMESTIC QUADRUPED..

Nature's three kingdoms lend their mighty aid,
 To fashion me with beauty, strength, and graces
 And many children I have borne, 'tis said,
 But ne'er saw one of all their pretty faces.
 As raven, black and shining is my hair,
 Yet never comb'd that I can e'er remember ;
 Winter and Summer I am often bare,
 And just am dress'd in June as in December.

No traitor, yet I oft *bear arms*, 'tis true,
 Against the King and subjects of the land,
 And for supporters "I have not a few,"
 Who ne'er desert as long as I can stand.
 All *rubs* I bear, whatever fate may bring,
 Nor at my lot e'er murmur or complain,
 Tho' back and sides "*and all that sort of thing*"
 Shew dire impressions of the knotted cane.
 While lordly man lies snoring in his nest,
 Silent I stand, expos'd to all alarms,
 The weary Statesman oft has found a rest,
 Within the friendly cradle of my arms.
 Here let me cease, lest I expose my name,
 As for a time I wish to be incog,
 You need not, surely, long distract your brain,
 To know that I AM NOT a cat or dog.

A WIND INSTRUMENT.

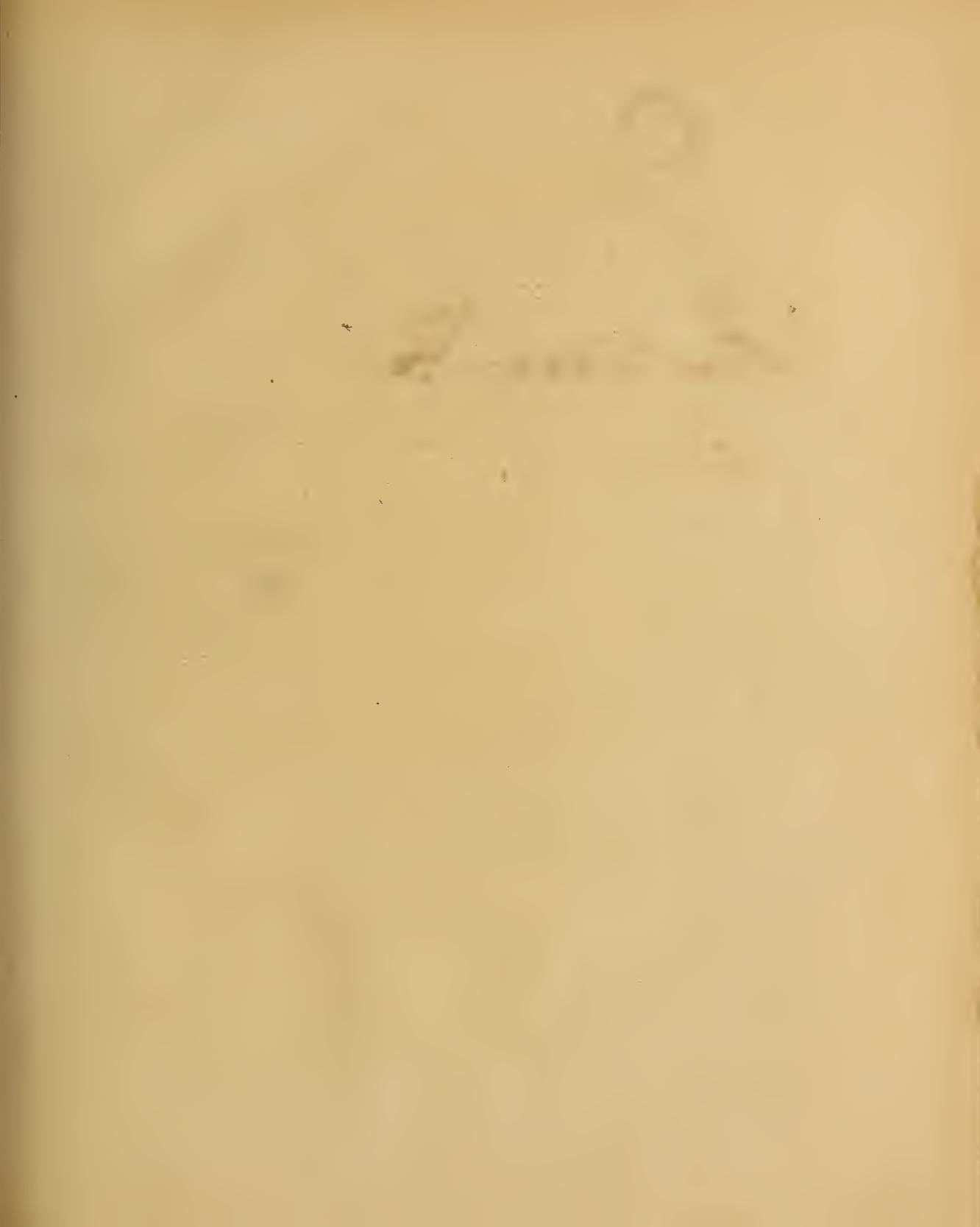
We're single, yet a pair; which seems most strange,
 Tho' never wedded—ne'er intend to change.
 Not living, yet we breathe, and what is more,
 Tho' often hung (*when urged*), we loudly roar.
 A mouth we have, but every body knows
 Whene'er we sing, 'tis always thro' the nose.

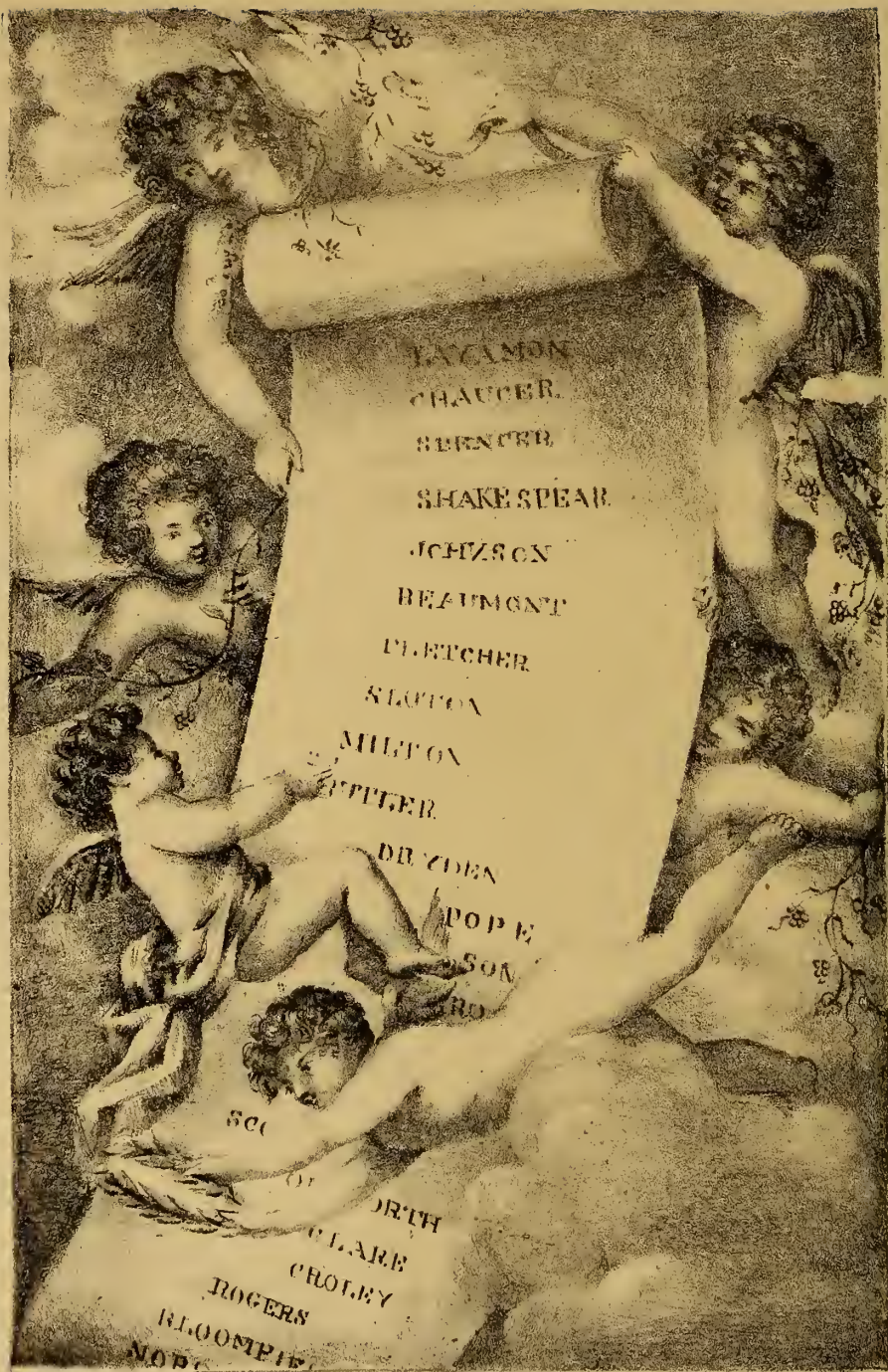
And what is true (tho' you may cry "tutt, tutt"),
 We make no noise, unless our mouth be shut.
 Oft are we dandled with peculiar care,
 Upon the knee of some indulgent fair;
 And tho' few charms we boast, yet ladies mark,
 Have kindled flames—however *dull* the spark.
 You'll stare perchance, and call us knave and liar,
 But oft, we thrust our nose into the fire;
 With arms extended on the lap we lie,
 And if our mistress move us, then we sigh.
Hard is our case, but word we never speak,
 As leather, tough and wrinkled, is our cheek.
 In courts we breathe, yet sometimes 'tis our lot,
 To find a shelter in the peasant's cot.
 Of *Lyttleton* and *Blackstone* nought we know,
 But to the Bar (when call'd) we quietly go;
 Where, like some *Big-wig* whom I dare not name,
 We do our best, to spread the dying *flame*:
 Like us *he* mingles with the *great*, and draws
 Sometimes a light from *Coke*, to aid his cause:
 Here fades resemblance, Justice knows, that WE
 Can raise a dust, without a *Brief*, or FEE:
 While our long-rob'd prototype is mute,
 If gold—all-powerful gold—urge not the suit.
 Were all our virtues told, they'd surely swell
 This riddle to a book: then prithee tell

Our name, our titles, quality and birth,
Of what we are compos'd, and how much worth.

2—0.

Whene'er I lead, I'm but a simple ghost,
Nor face, nor figure, I alas! can boast ;
Yet if perchance, but two should go before,
I'm equal (let me tell ye) to a *score*.





Now the mystic scroll unfurl,
Sec. of English Bards, the Pearl

LINES WRITTEN FOR FANNY'S ALBUM

Ellen thus to Fanny writes,
 Sister, I send thee six young sprites,
 Bearing in their hands a scroll,
 Which the urchins' may unroll,
 And disclose to mortal view,
 Names of all the scribbling crew.
 But Fanny dearest, e'er you choose,
 Borrow caution from my Muse—
 "Byron" is a rich *Partérre*,
 Deck'd with many a flow'ret fair :
 There the fragrant woodbine creeps,
 And the modest vi'let peeps.
 Banks bedeck'd by Flora's finger
 Tempt the willing mind to linger :
 Flowers of every varied hue,
 By their odors, court the view.
 But corruption lurks unseen,
 There are weeds of brightest green.
 And beside the beauteous rose,
 Oft the deadly night-shade grows.
 Fanny dearest, then beware—
 You may gather ; but with care :
 Do not, when you cull your posies,
 Bind the *weeds* among the *roses*.

Now if battle deeds delight,
 Scott, of battles, well can write ;
 Wander with him (if you please)
 From Stirling's rock, to lofty tees ;
 But Fanny quit him, prithee do,
 E'er he come to Waterloo !!!
 There "*he fell*," the witlings say,
 On that inauspicious day,
 When like pilgrim poet vain,
 To Waterloo's ensanguin'd plain,
 He journey'd with a harp of lead,
 And left his fame among the dead.
 When you tire of battle feats,
 Rogers holds a cup of sweets,
 Purity itself might sip,
 Nor fear to stain her hallow'd lip.
 So clear the source, so pure the stream,
 The *past* but seems a *present* dream ;
 And while on former joys we dwell,
 Fond memory with magic spell,
 Recalls the fairy hours of youth,
 Which paints, our Bard, with so much truth.
 Now the mystic scroll unfurl,
 See of English Bards the pearl !!
 As once in nature's garden wild
 He stray'd by gentle Avon's side :

Thalia stole the wand'ring boy,
 And brib'd his love by many a toy :
 The laughing maid with smiles beguil'd,
 The infant Shakspeare, Fancy's child.
 And while she thought the prize her own,
Melpomene unbound her zone,
 And nestling closely to her breast,
 The little foundling lull'd to rest.
 Thus nurs'd, our poet learn'd the art,
 Which soothes to peace the troubled heart ;
 Each line with nature's pencil drew,
 And painted with her colors too.
 Tho' roses are the garden's pride,
 Shedding their perfumes far and wide ;
 Yet fairest blossoms scent the glade,
 And sparkle in the forest's shade :
 " *Bloomfield*" will yield thee " flow'rets wild,"
 Bloomfield, nature's darling child.
 The scroll is endless, Fanny see,
 Shall I then leave the field to thee ?
 Or still, with *petit-maitre* voice,
 Pretend to lead thee in thy choice :
 No ; Fanny with a critic's eye,
 Thou can'st each beauty soon descry ;
 Thy taste severe, thy polish'd mind,
 Each hidden beauty well can find.

Whether a Milton's lofty page,
Or humbler theme, thy thoughts engage;
Still, virtue with persuasive voice,
Will ever guide thee in thy choice.
Then bind the scroll, ye fairy sprites,
And bear it to Parnassus' heights;
There, keep it hid from mortal view,
'Till Fanny wou'd the task renew.

THE DESK.

ADDRESSED TO MARGARET.

You bid me write ; and how should I refuse ?
 Tho' long in silence wrapt has been my Muse,
 That sun which gave it life ; alas ! is set,
 But Hope, points to a star that glistens yet.
 Amid the blue expanse of Heaven it glows,
 And proves a healing balm to all my woes.
 Tho' care, with wrinkled brow and iron hand,
 Hath stricken fancy with a leaden band ;
 'Reft of her sportive wing, supine she lays,
 Nor dreads the critic's frown, nor heeds his praise.
 Content to steal one bitter thought from grief,
 Or blot from mem'ry's page, one sadden'd leaf.
 A look of love the only boon I ask,
 To cheer your poet through her willing task :
 But for a theme—without it ; pen in hand,
 The Muse (" poor idle drudge ") is at a stand :
 But how shall I attune my broken lyre,
 Or catch one spark of pure Parnassian fire ?
 How ; uninspired Hope to weave a strain,
 Which shall not breathe of sadness or of pain ?
 The wits of other days ('tis said), could rhyme
 On any subject—or at any time.

Our fav'rite bard of Olney, well I know,
 Could soar with Homer, or converse with "*Beau.*"
 Whether pale sorrow, tuned his pensive lyre,
 Or mirth, obedient, struck the golden wire;
 Whate'er the theme, alike, his numbers clear
 Invite by turns the smile, by turns the tear.
 Alas! *my* Muse, like some ill humour'd prude,
 Flies when I court, nor will the jade be woo'd:
 Come, let us bind her, while these rhymes I string,
 Quick, Maggy quick, e'en now she would take wing.
 Give me a subject, girl—what shall it be?
 A chair? a table? porcupine or flea?
 No! these the Muse disdains in verse to weave,
 I'll write then *on your Desk*, by your good leave:
 The "*Desk*" shall be my theme, nor let the Muse
 Her inspiration to my pen refuse:
 Let me its praises sing, its charms unfold,
 Whether inlaid with brass, or shining gold;
 Composed of rosewood, ebony, or deal,
 Enriched by silver, or with polish'd steel;
 The "*Desk*" still let me sing, still praise with care,
 The treasur'd sheets, which lie collected there.
 Affection's tribute—love's enamour'd page,
 There lie *perdue*—while here in language sage,
 Whole sheets of foolscap, penn'd with judgment nice,
 And fill'd with that cheap article—ADVICE.

Next, with gilt edge, hot press'd, and seal'd with wax,
 Behold some scribbling Country Miss's tax ;
" Hopes you are well—wonders you do not write,"
 And registers her wits in black and white.
" Begs you'll excuse the scrawl, and soon reply,"
" Remaining yours', TILL DEATH—(a common lie)."
 But bright finalé, when you lack a better,
 Meaning no more, than—here I close my letter.
 Oh friendship, sacred power ! how oft profan'd,
 When by the scribbling multitude thou'rt named ;
 Give me the friend, who in affliction's hour,
 Can feel thy influence, and exert its power ;
 Whose love by active charity is known,
 Who, when I weep, can make my griefs her own.

* * * * *

Your skill equestrian (Madge) has long been prov'd,
 Say then, how best a stubborn nag is mov'd ;
 Whether by spur, or switch, or gentle pinch,
 For my dull Pegassus, stirs not an inch :
 Loves not the course in which the Muse would run,
 Hates sadness, more than aught beneath the sun :
 Thus, lest the rider be unhors'd again,
 We'll urge the palfry with some livelier strain ;
 Leave for a time the snug recess where lie,
 Dear Maggy's secrets hid from vulgar eye.

Nor dare my vagrant pen expose to view,
 Those tender billets—all from *I know who* !
 The seal a Cupid, arm'd with murd'rous dart,
 Here two young doves, and there—a bleeding heart ;
 Various the mottos ; one with caution rare,
 Displays a snake i'th' grass, the word “ **BEWARE !** ”
 Another shews a bird, with letter sweet,
 Around it see engrav'd, “ *Repondez vite.* ”
 Heraldic trophies—crests in wax so red,
 Cyphers of every form, from A. to Z.
 Alternate meet the eye, while there I see,
 What should perhaps be burn'd, tho' sign'd E. G.
 But we have peep'd enough behind the scene,
 Down with the baize, or drop the curtain green.
 Thus ends the piece—or as the *learned write*,
 “ **FINIS** ”—which anglicised, means—*finish'd quite.*

AN INVITATION TO THE CORPS POËTIQUE.

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST PAGE OF ANNA'S ALBUM.

Alone, my Muse! and Anna bids me write,
 And mar with rhymes, this pure and spotless white
 No model for our verse; but here we stand,
 Like stranger pilgrims in a desert land.
 No flowers of poesy around us rise;
 Yet here, perchance, in silent embryo lies,
 The wit of some proud Bard, as yet unborn,
 Some kindred spirit from Parnassus torn.
 Amid these snowy sheets, perhaps may spring
 Some poet's rapture, borne on fancy's wing.
 Some tale of sorrow, which may raise the sigh,
 Or draw the tear from gentle pity's eye.
 The fairest flowers may deck these barren fields,
 And *this*, alas! the only weed it yields.
 Shall we, like cowards, fly, or bravely dare?
 To plant one seedling in a land so fair?
 What though no flow'rets spring from such a soil,
 Or laurell'd chaplet crown our infant toil;
 My Muse, still let us ply our wonted trade,
 Nor of splenetic critics be afraid.

Come then, ye scribbling host, the gauntlet's thrown ;
 Enter the list, and make the field your own.
 If not in *mercy*, still in *judgment* spare,
 For rhymes, like mine, are far beneath your care.
 Invoke the Muse, your pen or pencil take,
 And fill the book for gentle Anna's sake.

ON THE ENGRAVING OF MARY,

THE SISTER OF LAZARUS.

Oh Mary, when among the dead,
 Thy brother Lazarus slept ;
 For thee a pitying Saviour mourned,
 The blessed "Jesus wept."
 And while admiring numbers gazed,
 His arm was stretched to save,
 He gave the word, "Lazarus come forth,"
 "Awake, and quit the grave."
 Thus shall the dead in Christ be raised,
 But not to realms like this,
 To "Life Eternal"—to a state
 Of pure unfading bliss !

TO MY NEGLECTED LYRE.

Alas, my lyre ! thou'rt tuneless and unstrung,
 My truant hand, can wake but one sad chord
 Which mournfully responds to all my woe.
 Yet still I love thee ; thou poor tuneless string ;
 Thou mock'st me not with joy.
 My sadden'd heart no melody can bear,
 While sorrow, that pale guest, within thee reigns.
 Oh ! 'twas not *ever* thus ; my gentle lyre
 We once indeed knew mirth :
 And time may yet perchance,
 Steal from pale sorrow, half her cup of woe.
 'Till then ; my lyre farewell !!
 There is not left thee, one lov'd note of joy ;
 One sound which tells of brighter days—now past ;
 But thro' thy shatter'd frame the chill winds blow
 With inharmonious roar.
 Come then, neglected Lyre, tho' cold my breast,
 I'll shelter thee awhile from storms of fate ;
 Hope may return, and weave some livelier strain ;
 Oh then, my Lyre !—we'll court the Muse again.

ON QUITTING AN OLD RESIDENCE.

I left it, not without a sigh, a tear,
 A feeling undefined, 'twixt hope and fear :
 A hope, that joy had not for ever fled,
 A fear, that hope within my breast was dead.
 Then crowded quick, remembrance of the past,
 Sorrows and joys ; aye joys too fond to last.
 Visions of bliss, came stealing o'er my brain,
 And for a space, I liv'd the past again.
 But mem'ry quick dispell'd the pleasing dream,
 And shewed a page where sorrow reign'd supreme.
 Slow fell my weary footsteps, 'mid the gloom
 Of each sad, tenantless, deserted room ;
There had I known of happiness, and *here*
 In sorrow I had pour'd the bitter tear.
 Alone, I stood as one who o'er the dead,
 Sighs for the sainted spirit that is fled ;
 I look'd my last, 'till tears obscur'd my view,
 I spoke not, but in sighs, I breath'd adieu !!

In happier hours

When idle fancy wove luxurious flowers ;

Once in thy mirth, thou bad'st me write on thee,

And now I write, what thou can'st never see.

ROGERS.

Hail ! blest retirement, where no discord reigns, save in her breast who loves thy dreary haunts. Hail ! pensive Ev'n, with sober mantle clad ; and thou, pale Luna, beauteous orb of light, bring with thee Silence, Contemplation's aid ; and Hope, sweet flatterer, my heart sustain. But first, thou sovereign balm, Religion,—come and teach me resignation : O lead me to the path from which I stray, e'er reason be dethroned, and I forget my God !—Rouse then, thou spark divine—rise pure and bright ; rekindle to a glowing flame, possess and fill my soul, nor let the gales of sorrow hurl thee from thy throne. Yet thou deceiver, Hope—thy penants gay were spread as if to shield me from the storms of time ; but my frail bark is wrecked, and adverse fate points to no peaceful haven but the grave. My brother !! how I loved thee !!! Yes—how fondly hop'd again to hug thee to this aching heart—to feel again within the welcome prison of thy circling arm—to rest my head upon thy faithful breast, and steal one ray of sunshine from within. This phantom, Hope, was ever busy with delights—with promised joys. E'en now, amid my griefs, she points to Heaven—“ the portion of the just triumphant o'er the grave.” Then gentle Hope, be still my pilot through the storms of life—rock me within thy fairy couch of down, and o'er my sorrowing heart, thy pure and balmy influence diffuse.

RECOLLECTIONS OF RECENT SORROW.

I could not shed a tear in that dark hour,
 Tho' drops of agony bedew'd my brow ;
 I heav'd no sigh—alas ! I had not power,
 But it is past—the storm is over now.
 Hath lull'd, but like the whirlwind's awful might
 What scathes the face of nature with its blast,
 My heart is riv'd by sorrow's withering blight,
 And o'er my brow care's wrinkled shade is cast.
 When drooping nature seeks the sheltered bower,
 And summer's verdant leaf grows red and sear,
 Ah, never mortal pray'd for genial shower,
 As I that Heaven would grant me but one tear.
 It came with all its healing to my breast,
 As when a cloud surcharg'd, pours forth its dews ;
 The winds are hush'd, and Heaven's darken'd crest
 Again displays its arch of varied hues :
 Like Rainbow, bright Hope rais'd her banner near,
 And o'er my heart her downy pinions cast ;
 Oh then in pity fell the soothing tear,
 And grief was calm—its bitterness had past.

Still flows from sorrow's crystal fount the stream,
On joys remember'd still does mem'ry dwell,
As on the fleeting visions of a dream,
Where fancy weaves around her magic spell ;
Oh, were my sorrows but a dream of night,
Could morn dispel the anguish of my breast ;
But no, it fades not with returning light,
The dread reality stands all confess'd.

“ DE MORTUIS NIHIL NISI BONUM.”

THIS is a phrase (which having passed into an adage), is so familiar to the ears of the unlearned, that I shall be assuredly exonerated (though a female essayist) from the charge of pedantry in its adaptation to my subject. From whence arose the maxim, I profess my entire ignorance; but bow with admiration to the spirit of Christian charity, which dictated a sentiment so fraught with benevolent forbearance; and it should teach a lesson in other cases (though not of so hallowed a nature as the memory of departed souls), but which are, notwithstanding, sufficiently imperative in their claims to our humanity. It is in defence of the absent, I would rouse the sympathy of that being, hitherto dead to those exalted feelings of the heart, which restrain us from aspersing the character of the *Absent*; and who, at times pursuing a system almost as culpable as that of detraction, becomes a passive hearer of calumnies, which by the timely exercise of *Charity*, might be entirely suppressed. In regard to their helplessness, the *Absent* have as little capacity of defence, as the unfortunate, who by death are removed from a possibility of refuting the attacks of malice, or in any way extenuating those charges which tend to implicate their integrity. Should not, therefore, that mercy which prompts us to refrain from vilifying the memory of the dead, urge us to defend

the cause of the absent, under every circumstance, where the vindication would not draw upon ourselves the imputation of impiety or immorality. There is another point in which the love of detraction may be regarded, little differing from the original view of the subject; but which relates more particularly to the prevailing system which exists among many, of disseminating in every company they enter, anecdotes of the *Great!!*—many of these tales of scandal, having no better foundation for their authenticity than the pages of venality, or the rancour of “party spirit”—which smarting under the feelings of disappointed ambition, emits from its “serpent’s-tongue,” that venom, which his fancied wrongs have engendered within the heart. The libeller who, though it is probable might subscribe to the justice of the motto, selected for this Essay; and might also be strictly conscientious in adhering to the clemency it inculcates, respecting “departed spirits,” does not look upon the charge as extending towards the feelings of the living, and will continue, with all the acrimony of which language is capable, to asperse the character of one *who unfortunately for his fame*, is not by death, removed from the attacks of systematic traducement. It is a strange perversion of right feeling in those, who with morbid sensibility, profess themselves *too tender* in their nature to disparage one, who from his removal to a happier state, is insensible to the unimportant concerns of this life;—and yet the refined sentimentalist will continue, with unabated zeal, to wound by the shafts of malice those living victims of his spleen, whose exalted rank removing from them the opportunity of parrying the blow

aimed at their reputation, are reduced under such persecution, to the most pitiable state of helplessness. In such cases, philanthropy calls loudly upon us to close our ears against every babbler, who enters society but to reduce to his own degraded level, the being who eclipses him by the possession of virtue, rank, and opulence; and who, while industriously aggravating the *defects* of his victim, affects the most ungenerous silence on his *virtues*.

Among this host of merciless levellers, many I doubt not might be found capable of suppressing their abhorrence of qualities (however unamiable), which perchance might centre in the person of a munificent patron! It is then, the pretended moralist studies a political silence, and the errors which he lately held up to detestation, are now declared to be venial!!! There is one class of the absent, however, who are not, I think, entitled to much forbearance—I mean those authors who have employed their pens against Religion in general, without pretending to substitute any thing better or more practicable in its place; and as it would appear for the pleasure of mischief, would deprive the humble Christian of those hopes, which under the calamities of life, can alone minister consolation. How widely different to those of the inspired train (who we are told, in the early ages of the Grecian state), when Religion was their theme, made the service of mankind the end of their song. To those writers who ungratefully, nay impiously, employ the mental gifts they have received from a

beneficent Creator, in dishonoring his name, to them may justly be applied that line of our Master Poet—"The evil *such* men do, lives after them." We might transpose the following line, and add, "Would that it were interred with their bones!!!"

Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd !

SAVAGE.

IN justice to those kind relatives and friends, with whom it has been my happiness to reside,—most gratefully I acknowledge, that in my own person, I am a stranger to the effects of the system which I have selected for consideration in the present Essay; and, that OBSERVATION, is all which entitles me to descant on the subject proposed. By some it has been urged, that to speak or write with feeling, the narrator should have evinced, by actual personal experience, the satisfaction or misery he pretends to delineate. As reasonably might we argue, that “Le Brun” had recourse to the exercise of Hate, Rage, Despair, and every other ungentle sentiment, ere he could pourtray by the efforts of his pencil, the various passions of the human mind; or that the medical practitioner is incapable of prescribing a remedy for the disorder which he has not proved by bodily suffering. Having (by the confession above made) laid myself open to the neglect of one class of Readers, I shall, notwithstanding, continue my subject, in the hope that others who have proceeded with patience to this page of my book, will unite with me in commiserating the feelings of those, who find themselves, under every attempt to attain excellence, chilled by the ungenial breath of domestic criticism; or what is as baneful in its consequences, approbation is often withheld, or entirely suppressed, under a feigned indifference—while the plea urged for such parsimonious encouragement is, that praise engenders arro-

gance, and checks the progress of improvement. As different diseases of the body must be overcome by various remedies, dictated by the *judgment* of the physician; so would I recommend a study of the mental temperament, and in proportion to its healthful or diseased state, administer the meed of praise. We read in the Gospel, that "No Prophet is accepted *in his own country*." This observation, though originating in a divine author, and upon an occasion of more seriousness than that under discussion, bears a meaning so parallel to my subject, that I may here apply it (I trust) without the semblance of impiety. That distaste which is evinced by many young persons for their home, and its consequent alienation from all the delights of domestic enjoyments, must in some measure be attributed to the unsatisfied desire of praise, under which some languish amid their own family circle; and thus are induced to seek among strangers, the gratification which is denied them by those, from whom (to well-regulated minds), it would undoubtedly be more grateful. It has been before remarked that—"The love of praise dwells most conspicuously in exalted spirits, and that those who best deserve it, have in general the most exquisite relish of it." There is not a parent, I imagine, who would deny their child the necessary food which sustains the body, without feeling self-convicted of inhumanity. Is there, let me enquire, less of cruelty in the practice of withholding a well-timed praise, which may be termed, I think, alimantal to the mind? Under the effect of this "starving system" emulation is undoubtedly checked, mental atrophy ensues, and the young aspirant thus mournfully

reasons—" I must give up this pursuit—for success, I find, (with me) is unattainable. Those whom I have ever considered my superiors in judgment, give me no *encouragement*—I find I am unfortunately not talented; and have attempted, what is beyond my power of attainment."—And thus are many innocent pursuits abandoned, when one look of approval, one word of praise *judiciously* administered, might *foster* (though it could not create) a Shakspeare, a Raphael, or a Handel. That commendation which some dispense with so much frugality to those of their own family, is induced possibly by modesty, originating in the idea that talent is always hereditary, and that in *doing justice* to the merits of those connected with themselves, they might be suspected of vaunting their *own excellence*!!—It is not unfrequent to observe these conscientious judges, loud in the approval of the performances of a VISITOR, while they at the same time (with strange inconsistency), are silent when the candidate for applause happens to be one connected with them by the ties of affinity. Some contend that the blossoms of genius will ripen into fruit, unassisted by the breath of patronage, and that those flowers which "waste their sweetness on the desert air," for a season, are never suffered by indulgent nature there to wither and die; but at convenient periods are transplanted into a field more congenial to their merits. Of this opinion I confess myself a supporter: but as the gardener, in his care of some tender exotic, has recourse to artificial means in order to mature the fruit, which (depending on the slow operations of nature, or the languid beams of a northern sun), would be long

in gaining perfection. In like manner I would nourish, by incitement, the germe of talent where I saw it existed in a mind timid and unassured. Such constancy of pursuit (in a profession to which the mind feels inclined), is not often evinced so forcibly as we instance in the life of "Ludovico Caracci," whose perseverance surmounted all those discouragements which would have terrified a less courageous spirit. Had he followed the counsels of "Tintoretto" (though offered in friendship), he would have relinquished his profession, and not to him would the famous "Accadémia" of Bologna have owed its establishment. But such active fortitude is not always the companion of genius; we see it most frequently associated with extreme timidity; and it is at such periods, that the hand of compassion should be extended, and the voice of encouragement exerted in the developement of latent merit.

By encouragement, let me not be understood to mean indiscriminate or undue praise. It is the province of friendship to correct with tenderness the errors of any performance submitted to its judgment, from the desire of bringing us nearer to perfection: and though I hold in contempt the critic, who never examines, but with the intent of condemning; yet he who suffers us to continue in the error which a *whispered* exposition might remove, is not only culpably negligent of the duties of friendship, but renders himself suspected of sinister motives, such as are wholly unworthy of honesty, candour, or benevolence. The critic who in his office

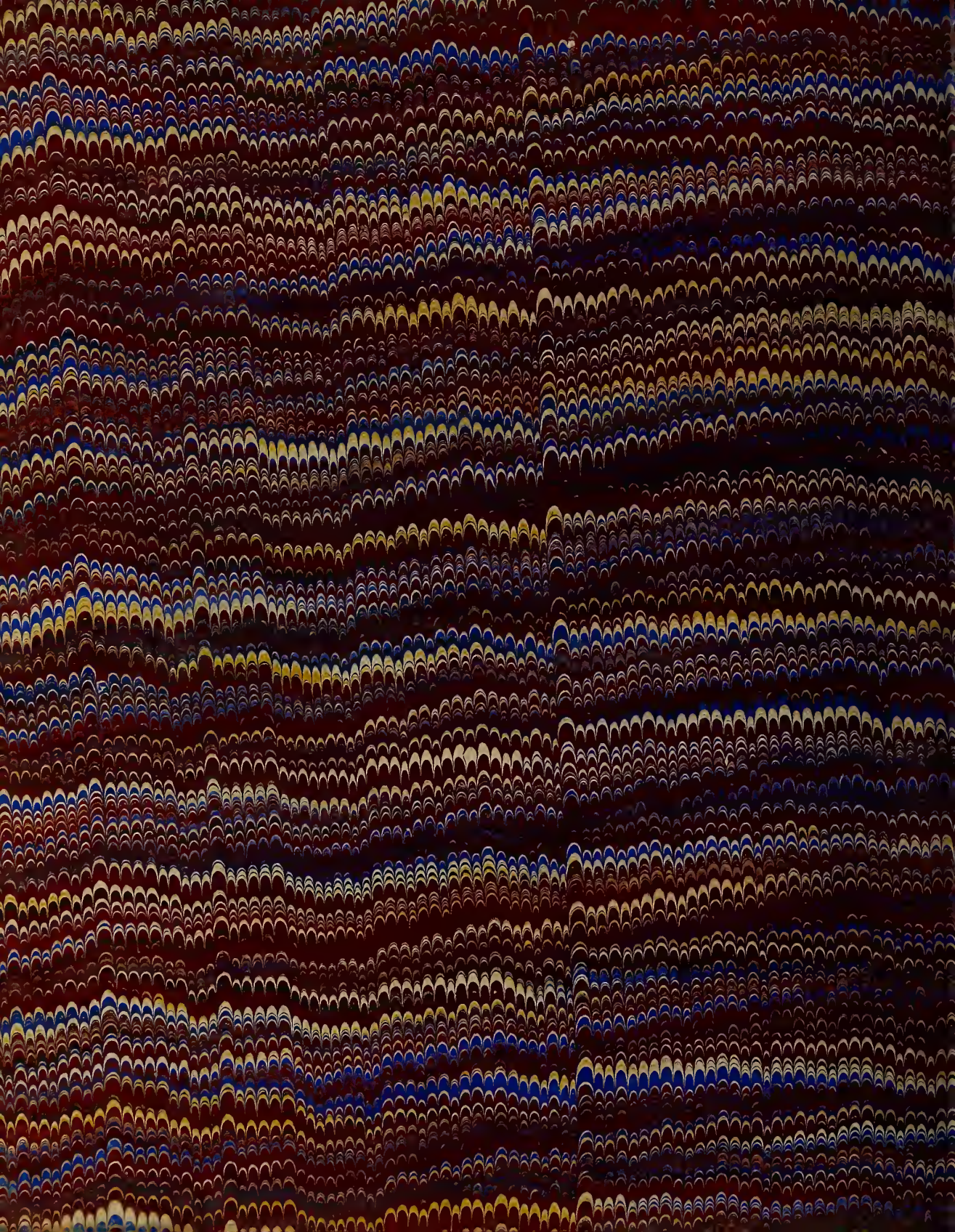
can, and *will* point out the excellencies, as well as the defects of a performance, is undoubtedly the most *endurable* of his profession ; but to what a dilemma is that unfortunate reduced, who dares not conscientiously qualify his criticism by one *note of admiration*. Perchance in this situation many of my Readers may find themselves at this stage of my performance : few however will be called upon *by me* for an opinion ; and thus they will be in no danger of sacrificing their consciences at the shrine of their *bonhomme*. I shall however close this essay, and with it my present labours, in the words of Corneille ; who (when the Cardinal Richelieu had obliged the *French Academy* to censure the *Cid*), thus addressed the Cardinal's favorite, M. de Boisrobert :—" J'attens avec beaucoup d'Impatience les Sentimens de l'Academie, afin d'apprendre ce que dorénavant je dois suivre : Jusques là, je ne puis travailler qu'avec défiance, et n'ose employer un mot en sûreté." —————

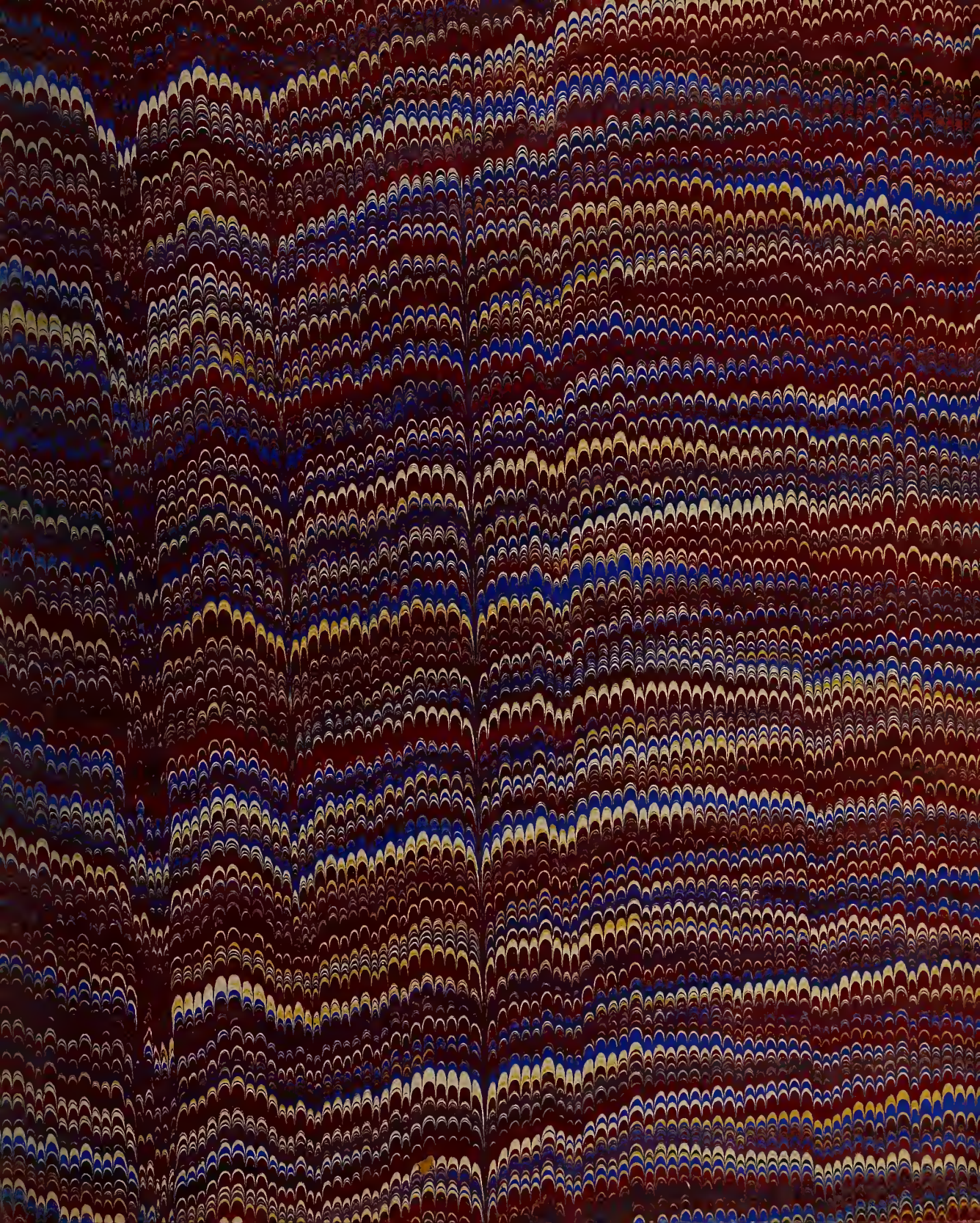












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